

Washington Bulletin

CITIZENSHIP FOR SAINTS

Romans 13: 1

(Just this Thursday) America celebrated the birthday of a very great man. "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countryman", the world's greatest traitor, America's greatest Englishman, first president of the United States. I'm speaking of that paradox of history--the man who betrayed a king, but refused a crown; the lawless rebel who gave us our greatest standard of law and order, the Constitution; the man who flew into a blue rage at Monmouth, and the man who prayed alone in the snows of Valley Forge. He is George Washington. What a name to conjure with. As long as the sun shines on the star-spangled banner, that name shall stand first in the annals of this republic whose cause he fathered. But have you ever looked at it from the other side, and wondered why we call him great who put love of local interests above love of country and empire; who betrayed his sacred oath of allegiance to his king; who for eight long years brought fire and sword on his fellow-countrymen?

Perhaps you have. If so you've discovered that Washington cannot be debunked. After all our little modern biographers are through with him, he still stands out head and shoulders above other great men of history. He was a great general of course, one of the greatest military tacticians of all time. Frederick the Great of Prussia made him a gift of a sword, saying, "From the oldest to the greatest general in the world." I like to compare Washington and Hannibal of Carthage, one of my favorite characters in ancient history. Hannibal warred on ^{mighty} ~~great~~ Rome for 15 years, and fought 1700 battles without one defeat--15 years, 1700 engagements and undefeated. But look at Washington. He was defeated right and left. He lost the battle of Long Island, the battle of Fort Washington, he retreated through New Jersey in flight before the British; he lost Philadelphia, Brandywine, Germantown. He was a defeated man at Valley Forge, with his ragged little

army. ^{who won every battle,} But Hannibal lost his last battle, and died; while Washington generally lost every battle except his last. The war was lost in New Jersey, but suddenly Washington came back to save the day at the Battle of Princeton. The war was lost in Pennsylvania, but Washington saved the campaign at the Battle of Monmouth. And still the war went wrong, clear up to Yorktown. But Washington won the last battle, and Cornwallis marched out of Yorktown with his band playing, "The World Turned Upside Down". That was an annoying little habit of Washington. He always won his last battle.

But George Washington was more than a great general, a great statesman, a great president; he was a great Christian. It took a big man, a courageous Christian to issue a call for chaplains for the Continental Army, and when none appeared, to come before his troops on the Sabbath, not as a general, but as a man of God, and preach the Christ of the cross to his soldiers. And it took a thoughtful Christian to write after the battle of Monmouth, "The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this, that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith." It was a humble, trusting Christian who knelt in the snow of Valley Forge ~~at his~~ ^{in the} darkest hour ^{of the War to} and poured out his soul before God. Finally, it was a triumphant Christian who died at Mount Vernon with the words on his lips, "All is well".

Such a man was the founder of our country. Is it any wonder that we are proud of him, and of the land that brought him forth. It is in part the memory of great men like Washington that binds us as patriots in loyalty to our country. But isn't there a problem that faces us who are both Americans and Christians? Do we not have a double, conflicting allegiance. The Bible points out that we are citizens of heaven; we are called to be saints. Can there be any earthly citizenship for saints? Can we, citizens of God's

Citizenship for Saints

Text: Romans 13: 1

This week America celebrates the birthday of a very great man. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,"-- so he remains, in spite of the attempts of our current crop of cynics to debunk George Washington. "He didn't cut down the cherry tree; he didn't throw a silver dollar across the Potomac," they say. "He was a traitor to his King, and a curse to his fellow-countrymen on whom for eight long years he brought fire and sword. There is your Washington."

Oh no! That is not my Washington. After our little modern biographers are through with him, he still stands head and shoulders above the great. The cherry tree and the silver dollar legends may go--what difference does it make. The man remains.

He was a great general, of course; one of the greatest military tacticians of all time. Frederick the Great sent him a sword, saying, "From the oldest to the greatest general in the world." He was also a great statesman, building firmly the foundations of our republic, preferring to rest the state on the will of the people, not on the caprice of a king, even though that king might have been himself. God grant that the people may never betray his trust.

But George Washington was something even more rare than a great general and statesman. He was a great Christian. It took a big man, a courageous Christian, to issue a call for chaplains for the Continental Army, and then when none appeared, to come before his troops on the Sabbath, not as a general, but as a man of God, and preach the Christ of the cross to his soldiers. It took a thoughtful Christian to write after the victory of Monmouth, "The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous in all this, that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith." It was a humble, trusting Christian who knelt in the snows of Valley Forge in the darkest hours of the War to pour out his soul before God. Finally, it was a triumphant Christian

who died at Mount Vernon with the confident words on his lips, "All is well."

Such a man was the founder of our country. It is in part the memory of great men like him that binds us as patriots in loyalty to our land. But is there not a problem that faces us who are both Americans and Christians. Do we not have a double, conflicting allegiance? The Bible says we are citizens of heaven, called to be saints. What about our earthly citizenship, then? Can we serve two masters? A friend of mine who was once a British subject told me once that when he became an American the greatest emotional tension, the greatest wrench came when he had to renounce his allegiance to his King. Devotion to his King meant more than he had ever realized, but he had to forswear it. He could not divide his allegiance between England and America.

There are those who claim we must face the same challenge in our relations to God and to country. They say that he whose citizenship is in heaven has no right to be a citizen of an earthly state. These small sects refuse to vote, refuse to allow their members to hold office, they even refuse to accept the Constitution of the U.S. because it fails to mention the sovereignty of God. Such a position is not as pious as it sounds. It is not Biblical. Says the Bible in our text, "The powers that be are ordained of God," and if the state is ordained of God it is wicked not to be loyal to it, it is wicked not to support it. I will never be able to understand people who scorn or reject their American citizenship. Why, in the Far East expectant Oriental mothers have been known to drag themselves aboard American ships in the harbor at night and lie concealed until their babies are born, in order that by virtue of their birth on an American boat the babies might be natural born American citizens. We don't realize what a great prize we possess simply because we are Americans.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land.'"

But let us not forget that the Christian's membership in an earthly nation has its responsibilities as well as its privileges. Being a good Christian citizen is more like driving a Model T, than sitting back in a limousine with a chauffeur up front. Sometimes you have to get out and push. See the stars on that flag. They're pushing. And every one of us should be pushing too--not necessarily that way, and not necessarily by working in a factory, or buying war bonds. There are two ways in which every Christian can push. He can pray, and he can obey. Those are the two fundamental duties of the Christian citizen.

In the ministry of prayer the Christian can summon to the aid of his country all the power of God toward peace and justice and right government. But how often do we pray for the officers of our government. Perhaps it is only when those of our own particular political persuasion are in power. If we are Republicans it is easy enough to pray for a Republican governor, and all too easy to pray against a Democrat. It takes Christian grace to pray for those with whom we disagree politically, but that is the command of the Word of God. Samuel the prophet, though he was no longer in sympathy with King Saul, and though he was soon to anoint David king in his stead, yet said to Saul, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." (I Sam 12:23)

The most beautiful stamp ever issued by the United States depicts Washington not as a victorious general astride his charger, nor as a conqueror fearlessly leading his troops into battle, but as a Christian at Valley Forge kneeling in silent prayer. The patriot prays for his country.

The Christian patriot also obeys the law. I wonder, sometimes, if we are not losing the habit of obedience to law and government that has made our country strong? My old scoutmaster, who served in France in 1917, used to tell us the story of the returned soldier who was sent to town by his wife

for eggs. He had not yet lost his sense of army discipline, and a mate of his who saw him coming back with the eggs, called across the street in a playful mood, "Atten--shun!" Quick as a flash, without waiting to think, the ex-soldier straightened up and snapped to attention. The eggs were gone, spreading over the sidewalk before he realized that the command no longer carried authority. He still carried with him the army habit of obedience.

It is that habit of obedience we are losing. Look about you at the symptoms--wildcat strikes, black markets, income tax evasion. We think it is smart to beat the rationing regulations. It is not smart at all. We're becoming a nation of petty sneak-thieves. Our offenses against the laws of moral righteousness seem slight, and we think they will pass unnoticed. But they leave their marks on our character. We try to cloak ourselves with indignation against government mistakes and follies as with a righteous excuse for evasion of the law. It is easy to criticize, it is hard to obey. "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake....not using your liberty for a cloke of maliciousness," says Peter. (I Pet 2:13)

Obey the law. Disagree with the government, if you like, but that is no excuse for breaking the law. Look at the government Peter and Paul had to put up with--Nero, the mad, depraved Emperor of the Romans, who took Christians alive, tied them to poles about his banqueting tables, covered their bodies with pitch, then set fire to them as living torches to illumine his drunken revelries, enjoying his food and drink amidst their tortured screams. And yet to that monster, Nero, Paul appealed for justice. Even that government he recognized as ordained of God, and he obeyed it.

That is, he obeyed it most of the time. Does the Christian ever rightly disobey his government. If your first reaction is to say "No", and glibly repeat the verse, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers," in support of your statement, think again.

We have been stressing the importance of obedience. It also has its dangers. Beware of the quicksands of blind obedience, or you will discover

that you may drop more than eggs when you snap unthinkingly to attention. Don't let the good habit of obedience turn into a sleep walk. Don't be hypnotized by the voice of the state until you think it is the voice of God you hear. The state is ordained of God, but it is not God. How many Germans, spellbound by the voice of der Fuehrer, yielding their wills to his in drugged obedience, awoke too late to find that such obedience led straight to the quicksands of totalitarianism.

There is a difference between the Bible's command to obey the state, and the demand of a totalitarian government for obedience. In one God is supreme; in the other the state. Very briefly, this is what we, as Presbyterians, believe about the powers of the nation in its relation to the individual and to the church. R. B. Kuiper sums it up in a paragraph:

"The Creator has seen fit to establish certain spheres of authority among men. There are, for instance, the sphere of the individual, that of the family, that of the church and that of the state. Each of these spheres has received its authority directly from the sovereign God, and not one of them has derived its authority from another of these spheres. It follows that the individual, the family and the Church have been endowed by God with certain rights on which the state may not infringe. If and when the state does infringe on these rights, the Christian citizen is under sacred obligation to resist in every lawful way."

The power of the state, you see, is limited by three God-ordained things: the individual, the family, the church. Each has its rights and its powers.

Deny the rights of the individual, and you make George Washington a traitor, not a hero. If the state is supreme, he had no right to rebel against his king. The right to revolution hinges on the individual's right to freedom, and that is the gift of God, not of the state, or the state could justly take it away.

Deny the rights of the family, as Soviet Russia once denied them, taking the children from the parents to be raised by the state in vast, impersonalized nurseries, and you sin against God and against man. The

experiment did not succeed. The family is ordained of God. Break it up, whether by state control or by the plague of easy divorce, and you invite disaster.

Deny the rights of the church, as Japan has done, and you assault the very throne of God. Rome tried it and failed. Christians preferred to be thrown to lions than to bow before the Emperor. Japan too will fail. Out of persecuted Korea comes the heroic story of Pastor Choo. "For about four years he has been in jail. He was pastor of one of Pyengyang's largest churches... The authorities ordered him to take his people to the Shinto shrine. He refused and told the people not to go, that it was direct violation of the Second Commandment. He was put in jail. His wife carried on, and she was also put in jail. His session and deacons have all been in jail, off and on. They have been beaten over and over again. Recently after one beating Pastor Choo could not walk back to his cell, so one of his elders carried him, and was himself beaten a second time for doing so. They drove his old mother and his children out of the manse. Anyone helping the family to live is punished. And still Pastor Choo will not bow.

Is that disloyalty? Is that poor citizenship? If so, then Benedict Arnold was a better man than George Washington who fought against his king. Why that is the highest, bravest, most sanctified type of Christian citizenship.

Choo, deat. l. - Patriotism

Poet's Choice

By Robert Hass

Here's a New Year's poem from 18th-century Korea:

A boy comes by my window
shouting that it's New Year's.
I open the eastern lattice—
the usual sun has risen.
Look, kid! It's the same old sun.

Wake me when a new one dawns!

This is the classic type of the Korean lyric poem. It's called a *sijo*. I've adapted it slightly from the translation by Richard Rutt in *The Bamboo Grove: An Introduction to Sijo*, which was published by the University of California Press in 1971 and is still, as far as I know, the best study of the form in English. Like the English lyric, the *sijo* began as a song form. The earliest ones date from the 14th century, and contemporary Korean poets still write them. They're basically three-line poems of about 15 syllables to a line. The rhythm comes from the patterning of phrases within the line.

And they get used for all kinds of purposes. Here's a poem, probably from the 16th century, which uses nature imagery to talk about wrangling politicians:

Can a swarm of these tiny insects
devour a whole great spreading pine?
Where is the long-billed woodpecker?
Now we could really use one.
When I hear the sound of falling trees
I cannot contain my sorrow.

The woodpeckers, of course, eat insects.
And here's one from a beautiful sequence called



ILLUSTRATION BY ANTHONY RUSSO

"The Nine Songs of Kosan." It was written in the 16th century by a great Korean Confucian philosopher, Yi I. The songs were written after he had retired from government service and was living in retirement in Kosan, a place equivalent perhaps to the Blue Ridge mountains. Here is the last poem in the sequence:

Where shall we find the ninth song?
Winter has come to Munsan;
The fantastic rocks
are buried under snow.
Nobody comes here for pleasure now.
They think there is nothing to see.

Confucian maybe, but it seems very much like a Buddhist joke. Here's hoping that there's much to see in the new year.

(From *The Bamboo Grove: An Introduction to Sijo*, by Richard Rutt. Copyright © 1971 The Regents of the University of California.)

Robert Hass, former U.S. poet laureate, is the author, most recently, of the collection "Sun Under Wood."

This is a good way to end
~~the way we had~~ an old year
year and begin a new one, with ~~our~~
Annual Meeting. ~~I like to think of it~~
~~as a beginning. And this is a good way~~
~~to do it~~ - with the sacrament of the Lord's
Supper - which is the gospel made visible, just
as preaching is the gospel made audible.
The Lord's Supper - and Annual Meeting, have
thus in common: both are times for looking
back, and time for looking ahead. ~~Both~~
~~are like our New Year's~~ And both are
different from the New Year's Day we celebrate
on Jan 1 - or of yours too indigenized, on
Feb 16. this year.

~~On what the world calls, New Year's Day -~~
~~in ourselves - at New Year's - and I us look mostly~~

In 1978, our Thursday meetings somehow got going again. Two of my Christian friends turned up and we began all over again. Things were more relaxed then. My son and his wife returned to Peking, having got back their jobs and their home. The Cheng family, one of the two living in the same house, have joined us in prayer. So now we are ten, sometimes twelve, fourteen. It's too crowded. Maybe when the other family move out — they have to, you know, under the new arrangement — we could have more room.

There is hope in my heart. There are now over forty of us in our Thursday meetings. We have six Bibles. I've got back most of my furniture so the older people can sit on benches. And we've got a bigger cross, hand-carved by one of our young people. Since he's one of our "imitation" preachers, we let him bring in the cross. We all have had difficult times. But our heavenly Father has been good to us.

2. A CONGREGATION OF THE PRODUCTION BRIGADE

It took the two of us two full days to go to a proper Christian service in Shanghai. We wanted to see how it's done. There are two hundred and ten of us worshipping Jesus in five places in our commune. We've been doing it for five years on our own. We want to learn more, much more about the Bible, about theology, about Christianity, in Shanghai and in other places.

All of us belong to the same Production Brigade. We know what's going on in Shanghai. So when we learned of a church re-opening for public worship, we were selected to go and find out as much as we could and to see if we could get hold of Bibles, hymnals and other books.

There was no problem getting leave. Finding a place to spend the night in Shanghai was more difficult.

We know about the Three-Self Patriotic Movement, but not very much. There is an old "uncle" among us who used to be a pastor near Shanghai, and he told us that he had signed the Three-Self Declaration in the fifties. We had been thinking of sending him on the Shanghai trip. He was too weak. He encouraged us younger men to go and to use his name to get introduced. Several brothers and sisters, however, suggested that we simply observe the service without making ourselves known to the officials there. We promised to be cautious. This matter came before the business session of our church on the eve of our departure. After discussion, Brother Miu, who is 46 and a leading brother, decided that while we must exercise caution, we should explore ways of getting in touch with other Christians. We all agreed. You see, ours is the only Christian group in the area. The only church building crumbled several years back and all the bricks were taken away. We are also fairly well known in our commune. We have gone through the shadow of the valley of death, we have little to fear. We have nothing to hide.

THERE IS NO CHEAP HOPE

Dr. S. Moffett

Text: Luke 23: 26-28; 33-34; 39-43

In the New Testament, there is no hope without the resurrection. But hope does not have to wait for the resurrection. There is no hope without the cross, either, and hope can begin in the midst of suffering. Let me make three observations about hope and suffering in the light of what the Bible says about the crucifixion as recorded by Luke.

The first fact of the cross is the suffering, not the hope. Let me read Luke 23:26:

"And as they led (Jesus) away, they seized one Simon of Cyrene who was coming in from the country, and laid on him the cross to carry it behind Jesus. . . . And there followed him a great multitude of the people, and of women who bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning to them said, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, weep for yourselves...'"

One of the best novels about Korea in English is The Martyred by Richard Kim, though it fails to catch the true spirit of Korea's martyrs. It opens in the North Korean capital of Pyongyang (which happens to be my home town). The city has fallen to advancing United Nations troops. The South Korean army begins to set up its intelligence headquarters in what remained of the Central Presbyterian Church, once the largest church in the country, now only a shell. There the main character of the book, a Korean intelligence officer, learns that the North Koreans, just before their hasty evacuation, had rounded up fourteen Christian ministers, shot twelve of them; unaccountably spared two who were left in prison and freed when the city fell. Essentially the novel is the search for an answer to two questions. Why were two allowed to live? And what really happened to the twelve martyrs? But a deeper question is interwoven into the drama of the search for the truth of the affair.

The young intelligence officer is the first to put that deeper question into words. He finds the two survivors. One of them is out of his mind from his sufferings. The other is hollow-faced, with feverish eyes and a racking cough. The survivors say they don't know why they were spared, or what happened to the other twelve. The officer doubts them. Moreover he is not a Christian. But as he looks at the two living wrecks in front of him, and thinks of the twelve murdered men, all the remembered horrors of the war flash through his mind and a wave of emotion sweeps over him. He breaks off the interrogation and turns to leave. Then he stops and asks one last, hesitant question. "Your god--" he says, "is he aware of the suffering of his people?"

Isn't this what our consultation has been all about? Man struggles. Does God care? Man struggles for life and peace and justice and truth. But even when he succeeds, life is suffering, and peace is elusive, and justice is blind. As for truth, most of the world is still asking, with Pilate, "What is truth?"

The novel gives no clear answer. The officer asks, "Is your god aware of his people's suffering?" And the hollow-eyed minister, still wrapped up in his own suffering, is silent.

Perhaps that is where most people begin--with a silent, almost fatalistic acceptance of suffering, suffering without rational explanation. It is where our text begins. Simon, innocent and uncomprehending, has laid on him the cross. And the women wail, and Jesus turns and says, "Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves.." Why? What had they done? And there is no answer. But neither is there any dodging of the fact that human struggle means human suffering. That is the first lesson.

But Asia needs no reminder of that fact. This continent has known more human pain than all the other continents combined. Japan: from the Tokyo earthquake to Hiroshima. Indonesia and the islands of the sea: and the greatest volcanic disasters in history. India: I walked through the streets of Calcutta and I could feel the pain. China: a year or so ago north of Peking in one gigantic earthquake a million people died. And the world paid very little attention. Asia was far away.

The suffering is still more cruel when it is not so much man against nature but man against man. The "haves", for example, contrasted with the "have nots". The thirty poorest countries in the world, I am told, are all in a broad band of poverty stretching from southeastern Asia across into Central Africa. In Asia alone live 245 million people who must live on 11¢ a day or less. Eleven cents. Why I spend twice as much for a cup of coffee and don't even think about it. 245 million people is more than live in the whole United States. And 11¢ a day is \$3.40 a month.

And there are the sufferings of the struggle for justice and for peace. This country of Korea has had to fight off 287 major invasions simply to maintain its own independence. War after war after war, and very little peace.

But the deepest sufferings of all are in man's struggle for truth. "I am the truth", said Jesus, and where He is not known there is a sickness of the soul that is a sickness unto death. And Asia may not know why, but here Asia suffers most of all, for Asia is the least Christian continent, at least numerically, in the world.

"Daughters of Jerusalem," says Jesus, and he is speaking not only to Jerusalem, not only to Asia, but to the whole world--"Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, weep for yourselves.." Not much comfort; not much hope there. Only the bitter reminder that life is hard, and that human struggle means human suffering.

II. But the text does not stop there. If the first fact of the cross is the fact of suffering; the second fact is that we do not suffer alone. God suffers with us. Let me read on in the gospel record: Luke 23:32, 35.

"Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. And when they came to the place which is called The Skull, there they crucified him, and the criminals, one on the right and the other on the left.... And the people stood by, watching.."

I have been speaking of the sufferings of Asia. The cross speaks of human suffering also, but much more. It speaks of the suffering of God. I think it is peculiarly fitting that out of Asia's pain, as filtered through a Christian mind, should come one of the most penetrating modern insights into the meaning of the cross. I refer to Kazoh Kitamori, the Japanese theologian,

and his "theology of the pain of God". Kitamora traces pain beyond man's suffering, beyond Jesus' physical suffering on the cross, into the very heart of God. "Pain", he says bluntly, "is the essence of God". 3

He has his critics, of course. He has been accused of the ancient heresy of patripassionism. He defends himself very well there. But I wonder, the more I read of the theology of pain and compare it with God's revelation of himself in the Bible, if love is not nearer to the essence of God than pain. If justice is not nearer to the essence of God than pain. If power, and truth are not nearer to the essence of God than pain. But Kitamora is absolutely right in reminding us that the Christian hope is not cheap. The cross is not a sentimental illustration of God's sweet love for everybody. It was agony. Nor is it a revolutionary model of solidarity with the oppressed. ~~In that agony Jesus held out hope to only one of the thieves crucified with him. Our struggles are not always God's struggles. The cross doesn't reduce to a slogan. God's pain is deeper than that. His suffering is neither physical nor political, though it embraces all who suffer, whether in the body or in the body politic. His pain, -- to return to Kitamora -- is the price God pays for loving the unloveable, for hating sin but caring for the sinner, in a word, the price he pays to forgive without destroying the line that divides right from wrong, justice from injustice. The price he pays to save is to let his Son die, and in that pain his love and wrath are synthesized, "for the pain is the act of swallowing up his wrath." We do not suffer alone.~~

III. God is with us, and there lies our hope. The third fact of the cross is that our hope is in God alone. Not in our struggle. Not even in his suffering. But in the fact that He is God. ~~But~~ I do not need to remind Reformed theologians of that. Let me read on in the text: One of the criminals turns to Jesus (Luke 23: 42-43):

"And he said, 'Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.'
And (Jesus) said to him, 'Today you will be with me in paradise'."

When we are in the presence of the King, how quickly hope goes to work. Even in our suffering, it becomes immediately operative. Note the word "today". God is with us now, and a surge of power and hope lifts us up in the midst of our struggles.

The Korean Independence Movement of 1919 was the most moving mass demonstration against injustice in modern times. The price of Christian participation was that it be non-violent, and Christians led it. But it was put down brutally by the troops of the occupying colonial government. One of its leaders was Yi Sang-Chae, head of the YMCA, and outstanding Christian and a patriot. He was roughly interrogated by the Japanese police. "Who is the head of the movement? Do you know?" "Yes," he answered. They pounced on him like tigers. "Who? Tell us. Who is head of the movement?" "God", he answered calmly. "God at the head, and 20 million Koreans behind." But what if our struggle fails. Is there no more hope?

He is with us in our struggles, yes. But sometimes more important, He is with us when we suffer alone. The story is told of a dear old saint, incurably ill, who was visited by a younger friend. "You are suffering very much, I am afraid," said the younger woman, trying to be helpful. "Yes," said the older woman, "but look." She held out her hands. "There are no nails there. He had the nails; I have the ^{peace} hope." She pointed to her head. "There are no thorns there. He had the thorns; I have the hope."

~~Where then is our hope? In God, who in His Son, Jesus Christ, suffered on the cross. No cross; no hope. But if God be for us, who can be against us. But there was a cross. And a suffering Saviour. And we have the hope.~~

oddly taught to react just as I say, probably to be automatic prostrations of soldiers at the cry from the minaret, or the roll in Latin of a R. C. high mass. Nor do I think much of the Easter parade on 5th Avenue, which is a ritual all its own--a ritual of overflowing churches and empty hearts.

▷ PALM SUNDAY

Is the ritual of the Lord's Supper just as empty?--this taking of a piece of bread and a sip of wine. The answer, of course, can be either yes or no. Scholars have long tried to trace the Lord's Supper back to the ancient mysteries of Eleusis or Mithra, unsuccessfully, but there is this resemblance: the Lord's Supper is a "mystery", that is, a religious rite which has meaning only to the initiated few. To those outside, the mystery is strange and foolish; only the initiate can know its meaning. And without pressing the analogy too far, I think we can say this: how much the Lord's Supper means to you will depend on the reality of your initiation into Christ, on how much of a real Christian you are. It is up to you whether it is an empty ceremony, or a sacrament.

As I say, I have always had trouble making it meaningful, and have had to overcome two prejudices in the process: a prejudice against empty ceremony and a prejudice against superstition. To make the Lord's Supper meaningful and really Christian to me requires two acts of the will, suggested by the verse, "This do in remembrance of me."

Palm Sunday Communion

It is altogether fitting that we should celebrate communion on Palm Sunday, for today, the day of the triumphal entry, is but the prelude to ~~the~~ fast moving events of the last few days that sped swiftly on to the last supper, the last betraying kiss, and the last agonies of the cross. When he rode in triumph into Jerusalem, he ~~was~~ took up his abode in an upper room, the room of the last supper. And it is far better for us to take our stand ^{here} with the disciples about ~~the table of his last~~ ^{the table of his last} ~~supper~~, than ~~outside~~ ^{with the street} with the fields crowds who on Sunday cried "Hosanna", but on ~~Thursday~~ ^{Friday} cried, "Crucify him, crucify him."

The real center of focus in this last week of our Lord on earth is not on palms and cheering crowds, but on a cross and an empty tomb. Next ~~would~~ ^{Sunday} the empty tomb. Today the cross - the broken body and the blood. It is important to re-remember that here too the focus is on the ^{cross} ~~European~~.

I once heard a German professor who should have known better, proudly denounce a wide-spread American custom of serving grape-juice instead of ^{grape} wine at the Lord's Supper. "Blasphemy," he spluttered. "I'd as soon have grape-fruit juice as grape juice."

I couldn't help think, in contrast, of a missionary ~~to China~~ who once wrote that ^{at} the most meaningful communion he ever attended, the ~~bread was crumb~~ ^{the} the elements were a heavy loaf of coarse bread, and a kind of rice or barley water served in a battered tin cup. ~~How could you have~~ There were no grapes in that desert plain - so of course no grape wine. But there was communion - and the unity of fellowship - and the lifting of the heart and mind to the meaning of the cross on which our Saviour died. And ^{that} ~~the~~ ^{after} ~~the~~ ^{be remembered of the death} all is what we come to the table for - not to examine the elements, but to ^{remember} Jesus. "This do in remembrance of me." "This is my body broken for you."

COMMUNION MEDITATION

Let us ^{at least in the ceremony of side a} ~~at least in the ceremony of side a~~ ^{we prepare for} ~~we prepare for~~ ^{It has been both done and expected} ~~It has been both done and expected~~

We Presbyterians don't like too much pomp and ceremony in our public worship. Our liturgy is simple and straightforward. We have no golden altars, no robed idols, no chanting priests. Our worship is so plain and unpretentious, in fact, that sometimes Presbyterians wonder why we have kept the rather elaborate ritual of the eucharist, or Lord's Supper. It is such a change from the usual, simple Protestant Sunday service that it seems almost a throw-back to the Middle Ages, something the Reformers forgot to cut off when they slashed away the corruptions and ceremonies of Rome. We have discarded confession, the mass, confirmation, penance, holy water, images--why do we keep the eucharist? Why don't we consider this just as much of an empty ritual as the rest?

^{we all} Every Christian knows the dangers of empty ritual, of going through the motions of religion when the heart is not in it. We see it everywhere. I have seen gold-clad priests move in stately procession through a Buddhist temple calling on their deaf god with the morotonous beat of a giant gong. I have heard the cry of the muezzin from the minarets of Cairo's mosques and watched Mohammedans automatically prostrate themselves toward Mecca at the cry. I have watched the dance of a Korean sorcoress as she pretends to drive out with her incantations and charms the evil spirits from the body of a sick child. I have sat through ^{instead of the whole lot} ~~two~~ hours of a Roman Catholic high mass; and I have been in the Easter parade on Fifth Avenue, ^{when} ~~when~~ churches were filled and hearts were empty. ~~Empty--all of it---empty--ceremony.~~

Is the Lord's Supper just as empty--this taking of a piece of bread and a sip of wine. ~~I wish I could answer that, but I can't.~~ You will have to answer that for yourself, ^{I can't} on Sunday, for it is in your power to make of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper just as empty and blasphemous a ritual as any of these, and it is also in your power to make of it the most meaningful

I don't think we're in danger of making it a dog station. Our forefathers did mean of them —
and some of the best of the Church & whom the sacred three white robes became in fact the seal
of our Lord — the pill of immortality they called it, — I brot those Holy Communion down — the idol of
a carnal side show with a fatal result for all the ill of this life and the next. But I don't
think that's the temptation. A more subtle one is not so much to need to much more is
with the Communion in service the humble with — is more likely to be that we don't find enough to care
in it. ~~It became a habit, an act rather~~ We wonder, perhaps, who we still hope to rely on the
past.

The answer, I think, is very simple...

Journal of the Rev. Mr. [unclear]

at [unclear] of [unclear]

[unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

[unclear] [unclear]

sacrament, the deepest spiritual experience of the entire church year.

Whether it is empty ritual or not you will have to answer for yourself, but I can tell you why we have kept this one bit of ceremony in our Protestant order of worship.) The answer is very simple. Jesus told us to. Now if any one hated empty formalism and legalistic ritual, it was Jesus. You remember what he said to the sanctimonious, Psalm-singing Pharisees who stood on street corners to pray so that everybody might see how righteous they were. He called them hypocrites, whited sepulchres, all beautiful ~~on the~~ outside, but ~~within~~ full of dead men's bones. The ceremonies they thought so important were no good at all. And yet Jesus gave his church a ceremony to keep ~~to remind us of him~~. On the night in which he was betrayed he took bread and brake it, and in like manner took the ~~cup~~ ^{and gave it to his disciples} ~~the~~ bread ^{was the} is his body which they nailed ~~the~~ next morning to the cross, and the wine ^{was the} is his blood which flowed ~~from his wounded side~~ to wash ^{away} all our sins. ~~away~~. He died for us. We are never to forget that. He gave us the Lord's Supper to remind us of it.

The sacrament has just as much meaning as you give to it. Our Lord doesn't ask for church members blindly bowing through wooden ceremonies. He asks for your heart. As you come then to the Table of the Lord on Sunday, ask yourself these three questions: ^{Is your heart in it.} Have I brought my heart to the Lord's Supper? ^{Is your heart touched.} Has my heart been touched by the Lord's Supper? ^{Is your heart His.} Have I given Him my heart at the Lord's Supper?

Is your heart in it? That is the first question, because if it is not, there is no use to go farther. Remember the words of the King of Denmark in Hamlet:

My words rise up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

He was a murderer, wrestling with his soul, vainly seeking God) He knelt and ^{he} prayed, but his kneeling was vain, and his words were empty, for his heart

was not in his prayer. And remember the Old Testament sacrifices, ordained by God and yet absolutely worthless without heart-obedience. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." As empty as Denmark's prayer and vain as the Old Testament sacrifices is the eating of the bread and the drinking of the wine, if the heart is not in communion with the crucified Lord. Unless your heart ^{which says the} reached his heart and is made glad, the holy sacrament is an empty ceremony.

What a difference it makes. Take a printed copy of Lincoln's Gettysburgh address and show it to a Japanese. It means nothing to him; he can't read it. Show the same page to an American, and it is a masterpiece of English prose, an American heritage. Just so, to the unbeliever whose heart is not in it, the communion of the Lord's Supper is meaningless ritual, but to the understanding and believing heart it is more precious than gold, it is holy communion and fellowship with our Saviour.

(Bring your heart and it will be touched.) He asks us to remember his death. Listen again to the Bible story:

"And when they came unto the place which is called the skull, there they crucified him. And Jesus said, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.... And there was darkness over the whole land. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, (Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? which is being interpreted,) My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?... And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said this, he gave up the ghost... And when the centurion which stood by over against him, saw that he so gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this man was the Son of God... And all the multitude that came together to this sight, when they beheld the things that were done, returned, smiting their breasts. And all his acquaintance, and the women that followed with him from Galilee, stood afar off, seeing these things."

Like those women, ~~on Sunday we too will be~~ standing afar off, seeing these things ~~across the centuries~~ ^{and} remembering our Lord who died ~~there~~ ^{the One} for us. *The rest of the world*

But the sacrament is far more than an exercise of the memory. *Itself helps us to be in the company of*
It demands ^{yet another} an act of the will.

Ceremony or Sacrament?

Text: I Samuel 16: 7

Never can the clean simplicity of the Gospel message be fully appreciated until it has been contrasted with the gaudy trappings and bizarre ceremonies linked to the worship of false gods. I have seen gold-clad priests move in stately procession through a Buddhist temple calling on their deaf god with the monotonous beat of a giant gong. I have heard the cry of the muezzin from the minarets of Cairo's mosques, and watched Mohammedans automatically prostrate themselves ~~at the cry~~ toward sacred Mecca. I have seen the dance of a Korean sorceress driving out with her incantations and charms the evil spirits from the body of a sick child. In Saigon I sat unmoved through all the pomp and circumstance of a Roman Catholic high mass. All the while, in all of these, there was only the barrenness, the hollow shallowness of empty religious formalism; and I remembered with Thanksgiving that the Lord our God had said of old to Samuel,

"The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

You remember the occasion. King Saul had sinned against the Lord. He was to be set aside as a disobedient servant. Then God sent his prophet Samuel to Bethlehem to anoint a new king from among the sons of Jesse. And Samuel came and looked upon Eliab, the eldest, and said, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before him," for he was good to look upon. But God ^{looked} ~~saw~~ beneath Eliab's kingly appearance and bearing, and saw the coward who was later to tremble at the coming of the giant Goliath. And God said to Samuel, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart." Nor did God choose the other six sons of Jesse whom Samuel wished to anoint. They were all mighty men and fair--kings every one of

them in the sight of men; but God sent into the fields and brought in the stripling David, the young shepherd lad, who was to become Israel's greatest king. That is the contrast between outward form, and inner worth. Man chooses the showy exterior; God takes the heart of gold. Man chokes the spirit of worship with vain formalism; God hears the simple cry of the penitent sinner.

How wondrously Christ set us free from the bondage of the law. All the tangled machinery of Pharisaic legalism he condensed into two simple commands. With quiet authority he faced the Jews, "Moses hath said unto you....But I say unto you, "Love thy God, and love thy neighbor." Christ's law of love broke the chains of legalism, and with legalism went ritual. Jesus lashed out in no uncertain terms against skin-deep religion. The sanctimonious, Psalm-singing Pharisees who ostentatiously stood to pray on street corners that they might parade their righteousness before men Jesus called hypocrites, whited sepulchres, beautiful on the outside but within full of dead men's bones. His withering glance penetrated their outward cloak of religion that hid the pride and emptiness within.

Lip-service is not enough for Christ. He doesn't ask ^{for} church members ~~to~~ blindly bowing through wooden, automatic ceremonies. He asks for men, not puppets; Christians, not nominal church members. He bids us throw off the empty shell of religious pretense. He asks for our hearts. Believe in Him. He asks for our lives. Live for Him!

Why, then, have we come together today to celebrate the Lord's Supper? Isn't it merely another religious ceremony, more hollow formalism? What merit can there be in this ritual of the drinking of the wine, and the eating of the bread? Why did Jesus, who sternly denounced outward show and ceremony, leave us the two sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper? Perhaps you've already asked yourself these questions. If so, you have already seen the answer.

This is no empty ceremony, no legalistic ritual, this communion of the Lord's Supper. It is a meaningful sacrament, calling to our remembrance the death of our Lord on the cross, signifying our acceptance of his work of salvation and the cleansing of his blood, sealing us into closer communion with him and with each other. It is true that Jesus denounced the ceremony and ritual of Judaism. Think then how full of meaning, how sacred those two sacraments must be which Jesus not only did not denounce, but himself instituted.

There is a world of difference between an empty ceremony and a holy sacrament. Take a printed copy of Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address and show it to a Japanese. The English characters are nothing to him; the page is a meaningless shibboleth. But show that same page to an American, and it becomes a masterpiece of English prose, an American heritage. Just so, to the unbeliever the communion of the Lord's Supper is meaningless ritual; but to us who are children of God, redeemed by our Crucified and Risen Lord it is more precious than gold. It is holy communion and fellowship with our Saviour. Ceremonies are man-made; the sacraments were instituted by Christ. Ceremonies are empty and one-sided; they are of the earth. But there is meaning behind the symbolism of the sacraments; they have two sides--the earthly symbol, and the spiritual relationship of which it is a token.

Perhaps an historic illustration of a baptismal ceremony will make this clear. Charlemagne, after his conquest of the Saxons, stipulated that they must all be baptized, or die. They submitted, but with one reservation, and they refused to reveal this reservation in advance. When the time came, the Saxons entered the river for baptism, but held their right arms high above their heads--their sword arms were not to be immersed. They were afraid if they yielded their right arms to

Christ, they could no longer fight. That was not the sacrament of baptism; that was only a ceremony. Those Saxons went through the forms of baptism, but there was no spiritual significance in the ritual. The Holy Spirit, in whom alone is there the power to apply the benefits of the sacraments, was not present in power there. Outwardly they were baptized; Charlemagne was satisfied, but "the Lord looketh upon the heart."

Christian friends, we are about to partake together of the holy communion of the Lord's Supper. This service is sacred and dear to every Christian heart. It brings us very near in spirit to that upper room where Jesus, on the night wherein he was betrayed, took bread and brake it, and in like manner took the cup and gave it in perpetual remembrance of his death. The Lord's Supper focusses our minds on that sacred scene 2000 years ago, on the hour of anguish in Gethsemane, on the cruel manner of his death; but it must also direct our thoughts back to the present, to ourselves. This is a time for a searching of hearts, for confession of sins before the Lord, for a reconsecration to his service. It is a time, as well, for Christian fellowship in the faith, and most of all, for a closer, more glorious communion with the Saviour.

It is entirely possible for you to make an empty ritual out of this sacred ~~sacrament~~ communion. Ceremony, or sacrament--it is up to you. You can eat of the bread and drink of the wine, and refuse to see beyond these outward elements to the body of Christ broken for you, and the blood of Christ shed for you. You can partake of the communion here with us, and still refuse to commune with your Saviour, still refuse to yield your right arms, your lives to his Holy Spirit. You can eat of the Lord's Supper, and refuse to eat of the Bread of Life. We shall be none the wiser, for man looketh on the outward appearance. But remember, God knows. "God looketh upon the heart."

Topic: HE LOOKS ON YOUR HEART.

Text: I Samuel 16:7. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Introduction:

The heart of the public worship of God is the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Its mind, perhaps, is the sermon and the creed; its will is baptism, and the psalter and the song; its foundation is Scripture, and its soul is prayer; but the warm, beating heart of it is the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Here, before the table, as the bread is broken and the wine poured out, all differences must disappear as heart unites with heart in loving commemoration of the sacrifice of Him whose death "hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

How solemnly, therefore, must the heart be prepared to partake of the body and of the blood. Heart-attitude makes the sacrament meaningful, for "the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." As you come, then, to the Table of the Lord, ask yourself these three questions. Have you brought your heart to the Lord's Supper? Has your heart been touched by the Lord's Supper? Have you given him your heart at the Lord's Supper?

I. Have you brought your heart?

"My words rise up, my thoughts remain below;
words without thoughts never to heaven go."

So spake the murderer, the King of Denmark, as he wrestled with his

the cup, join the crusade, join the innumerable company of Christian soldiers, soldiers in the service of the King.

A sacrament was originally the oath of allegiance taken by the Roman soldier to his Emperor. As you now think back across the years to that dark day when Roman soldiers nailed the Son of God to the tree; now, as you feel in your heart the moving of the Spirit and the fellowship of the Risen Lord, ~~will you not~~ make of this sacrament that which the very meaning of the word implies, an act of complete heart-surrender to Jesus. Give your heart to Jesus, for "the Lord looketh upon the heart."

SEMPER REFORMANDA SECOUNDUM VERBUM DEI

"The Cross and Divine Sovereignty"

It is a commonplace of NT studies that Jesus' life and ministry confounded Jewish expectations for understanding the coming Messiah. The Israelite nation was hoping and waiting for a Messiah who would command the armies of God, delivering them from the harsh oppression of Roman occupation, and establishing a life in prosperity and freedom. In the face of these expectations, the picture of Jesus dying helplessly on a Roman cross proved a huge stumbling block to the faith of many.

This same picture sits uneasily with certain emphases in the Reformed tradition as well. Reformed Christians have from the beginning lifted up the sovereign majesty and power of God as characteristic emphases of our piety and worship. **What to say, then, about Good Friday?** Our temptation is often to skip directly over to Easter, because the picture of suffering helplessness it represents does not easily square with the ways we have come to think about God. One wonders if this tension—between the sovereign God whose power we celebrate, and the helpless carpenter on the cross of suffering—does not serve to drive a wedge between Jesus and the Father, with the result that our piety becomes "theocentric" in a way that leaves us mute and ill-equipped to handle pastoral situations where God's sovereign protection seems to fail. The cross of Christ remains a scandal.

On closer examination, however, it becomes apparent that this tension is

more perceived than real. Far from being a focal instance of powerlessness, the cross stands as an astonishing assertion of the depth and scope of God's sovereign rule. Consider the difference if Christ had come in accordance with conventional expectations: A warrior-Messiah who marshals the armies of God would succeed in freeing the nation from captivity precisely by wielding the power of death more forcefully and effectively than the Roman oppressors. The Messiah of conventional expectations would thus be one who could overcome the death-dealing power of the Roman legions by a more forceful death-dealing of his own. The significant thing to note about this picture is that it leaves death as the ultimate arbiter of who is in charge: Whichever ruler succeeds most effectively in making death his own instrument and ally, that is the ruler who prevails in conventional conflict.

But what if death were deprived of its power, and dethroned as the ultimate arbiter of defeat and victory in human affairs? What if the Messiah's challenge to the principalities and powers came not in the form of an opposition that counteracted their worldly power by an opposing exertion of force, but that disarmed their power at its very source? God's victory in Christ over the powers comes not by opposing their death-dealing weapons with mightier weapons, but by rendering the power of their weapons impotent.

In Jesus' willingness to trust God as he gives himself over to death on the cross, we find the sovereign divine proclama-

tion that death's ability to threaten and undo us has now ended. The might of those rulers who wield death as the source of their power is henceforth null and void. "Do not fear those who kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do" (Luke 12:4)! Jesus' command to take up our own crosses and follow him can be seen in this light as the invitation to embrace in our own life and discipleship the absolute, sovereign freedom over the powers that God has given us in the cross. Jesus is Lord and not the powers, because Jesus, enthroned on the cross, has deprived the powers of the one vital instrument and potency of their entire rule.

Christ's sovereign lordship echoes powerfully in the churches of our own day through the poise and confidence with which ordinary Christians face down the powers of disease, tragedy, illness and death, and also by a certain calm detachment that Christians sometimes bring to their deliberations over matters of state and empire. The present world is thrown into upheaval by the clash, actual and threatened, of nation against nation and force against force, all in pursuit of security and freedom. In times like these it is important for Christ's followers to remember and confess where the power and source of our ultimate deliverance actually rests.

By Mark Achtemeier, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Systematic Theology, University of Dubuque Theological Seminary.

CONT. CONNECTING CONGREGATION WITH COMMUNITY

The commitment of a church *with* its community is covenantal, free, and stable. It is a church that listens to the story and stories of the people, sharing also in pains and joys. A church with the community sees injustice through the eyes of the community. Strengths, challenges, and pace of change are locally defined, not imposed. Following the important hermeneutical leads of S. Fowl in *Engaging Scripture* (Blackwell, 1998), Scripture is read in communion and as a community.

However it is vital that a church *with* its community maintain a critical engagement with its surrounding community and culture. Though gospel and culture are inseparable, the gospel is not to be absorbed by way of dilution. Rather it must be planted in the soil of a community and then enabled to bloom. As the

historian and mission scholar A.F. Walls has shown, incarnation is the pattern of appropriation for Christian faith.

In order to lead a congregation in this direction, the pastor or church leader must walk with the community—indeed, be led by the community. She or he must not view her- or himself as standing above the people, but rather seek to bond through humility and self-giving. In other words, community ministry requires the cultivation of a robust spirituality grounded in the self-giving life and work of Christ.

Emphasizing local or community ministry can be read as an argument for both a recovery and re-appropriation of parish ministry. Instead of caring for "members" only, pastoral work as parish ministry is involvement in the lives of all the people of the community. Here the biblical obliga-

tion to seek the peace of the city meets the everyday life of the local church. While the church is a gathered community, it is also a community without walls.

As I was completing seminary, I assisted a friend and his family in a move to Sandtown, an inner city community on Baltimore's distressed west side. We understood our first call to be neighbors. Out of this experience, New Song Community Church was born in the neighborhood. As a small community-based church, we prayed that God would lead us to discern our corporate *charism* or calling. Working together as neighbors, and with New Song as spiritual center, we witnessed the birth of a housing corporation, health center, school, and various employment initiatives. Our

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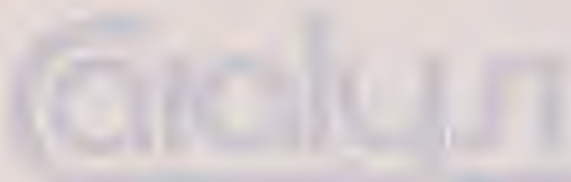
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FOR PRESBYTERIAN SEMINARIANS

CONT. CONNECTING CONGREGATION WITH COMMUNITY

mission was to seek the peace of the city block-by-block where we lived. This was only possible as an effort born of the people of the community and by the power of the Spirit.

We learned that community development and community organizing are two vital and complementary strategies for the church's ministry and witness in the world. Community development focuses on the nuts and bolts of rebuilding a community, and community organizing stresses the relationships that must be formed for any change. Together they are part of a holistic commitment to God's shalom in the city. Community development and organizing are practices that require a commitment to constant learning and formation.

Faithfully connecting to community depends on a church giving itself to Jesus and orienting its life and mission to the peaceable reign of God. As the Catholic scholar J. Fuellenbach has emphasized in *Church: Community for the Kingdom* (Orbis 2002), the kingdom (or reign) of God is central to mission.

The new creation is the future of community work as all our efforts are redeemed by the crucified and risen Christ.

Seminary can be a wonderful time of preparation for ministry that emphasizes community involvement as an expression of Christ's call to serve and work alongside the poor and excluded. But given the tendency of much traditional theological education to detach the student from context, and abstract practice from theory, the best way to benefit from seminary is to approach the time with intentionality.

Research opportunities can focus on areas of importance to community ministry. For example, research papers can tackle such topics as the prophet Amos and the meaning of sin, Jesus' ministry to the poor in Luke, the lordship of Christ as a guiding theme for urban ministry, the meaning of the Trinity for community, and Wesley's church planting and evangelistic efforts among the poor. Deciding to worship and participate in the common life of an urban church, especially in a cross-cultural setting, is often a very formative experience.

Cultivating lifelong habits of reading is also something very important that can be gained from the years spent in seminary. After graduation, it is important to continue to read theological and biblical studies, but also in other disciplines such as cultural and urban studies. Reading scholars who connect the Christian faith with social realities is vital. Here we can benefit from the important and challenging work of scholars such as C. Marsh, C. Pohl, L. Sanneh, and M. Volf.

Though we live in a world where the role of image and the unreal—cyberspace and networks are increasingly prevalent—communities are real. They are filled with families, children, teenagers, men, and women. Community ministry that is faith embodied, words and deeds reflective of the incarnation, is as needed as ever.

By Mark R. Gornik, Director of City Seminary of New York, and author of To Live in Peace: Biblical Faith and the Changing Inner City (Wm.B. Eerdmans, 2002).

What Should I Really Give Up for Lent?
Matthew 23: 1-3, 37

"Then said Jesus to the crowds and to his disciples, 'The scribes and the Pharisees sit on Moses' seat; so practice and observe whatever they tell you, but not what they do; for they preach but do not practice... O Jerusalem, Jerusalem... How often would I have gathered your children together as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, and you would not!'"

For the last few years as I have had the privilege of sharing in your Lenten Series I have been telling you what not to give up for Lent: "Don't Give Up Bread for Lent", and "Don't Give Up Hope for Lent", reminding you that Lent is not about what we give up for Jesus, but about what Jesus did for us. Lent turns our minds and hearts to Jesus. He was flogged for us. He was spat upon. He was nailed to a cross, and on that cross he suffered and died to save us from our sins. That is what ^{we remember at} Lent, ~~is all about~~. And that is why Paul could exclaim to the Corinthians, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified" (I C. 2:2).

Isn't there anything then that we should give up for Lent. Yes. And that is what I want to talk about tonight. There is one thing the Lord is asking you to give up for Lent, and not just for Lent--any time, really, but especially at Lent. ^{we give up what} ~~Perhaps we can begin to learn what that is through these verses in Matthew.~~ ^{what blocks us from following Jesus} ^{Not every one follows him. Some crucified him.}

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem..How often would I have gathered your children together as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, and you would not!"

~~That verse, and those at the beginning of the chapter, tell us about something we should give up for Lent. It is the great block that turns our minds away from Jesus, what keeps us from saying with Paul, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified".~~ ^{It} is the greatest single obstacle blocking our progress as Christians in the Christian faith. ^{what} ~~It~~ is the greatest single obstacle blocking the worldwide progress of the gospel. ^{what is that great obstacle?} ~~That's~~ what we should give up for Lent.

When I first went to China....

Sam Moffett

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE FOR LENT!

- Sam Moffett

Text: Colossians 1:19-23

(or Luke 23:26-28, 33-34, 39-43).

"For in him all the fullness of God was pleased to dwell, .. whether on earth or in heaven, making peace by the blood of his cross. And you, who once were estranged and hostile in mind, doing evil deeds, he has now reconciled in his body of flesh by his death, in order to present you holy and blameless and irreproachable before him, provided that you continue in the faith, stable and steadfast, not shifting from the hope of the goepel which you heard..." (Col. 1:19-23).

In the New Testament there is no hope without the resurrection. But Lent reminds us that hope does not have to wait for the resurrection. There is no hope without the cross, either, and hope can begin in the midst of suffering. As Paul wrote to the Colossians: Jesus made peace though the blood of the cross; he reconciled you to Himself, you who were hostile and strangers." (Col. 1:20 ff.) That is what makes the gospel of the cross "good news", at a time when all the news seemed bad. So for today's Lenten meditation, let me make three observations about hope and suffering in the light of what the Bible says about the crucifixion as recorded by Luke.

The first fact of the cross is the suffering, not the hope. Let me read Luke 23:26-28:

"And as they led [Jesus] away, they seized one Simon of Cyrene who was coming in from the country and laid on him the cross to carry it behind Jesus... And there followed him a great multitude of the people, and of women who bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning to them said, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, weep for yourselves...'"

One of the best novels about Korea in English is The Martyred, by Richard Kim. It has a weakness. It fails to catch the true spirit of the Korean Christian martyrs about whom he writes, but it does do justice to the pain of their suffering. It opens in the North Korean capital of Pyongyang (which happens to be my home town). The city had fallen to advancing United Nations troops. The South Korean army begins to set up its intelligence headquarters in what remained of the Central Presbyterian Church,

once the largest church in the country, now only a shell. There the main character of the book, a Korean intelligence officer, learns that the Korean communists, before their hasty evacuation and retreat, had rounded up fourteen Christian ministers, shot twelve of them, but quite unaccountably spared the other two. So those two were left alive in prison and were freed when the city fell.

Essentially, the novel is the search for an answer to two questions. Why were those two allowed to live? And what really happened to the twelve who were shot, the martyrs? But there is a deeper question interwoven into the drama of the search for the truth of the affair.

The young intelligence officer is the first to put that deeper question into words. He finds the two survivors. One of them is out of his mind from his sufferings. The other is hollow-faced, with feverish eyes and a racking cough. They both tell him, "We don't know why we were spared. And we don't don't know what happened to the other twelve." The officer thinks they are lying; he is not a Christian. But as he looks at the two living wrecks in front of him, and thinks of the twelve who were murdered, their bodies left exposed, all the remembered horrors of the war flash through his mind and a wave of emotion sweeps over him. He breaks off the interrogation and turns to leave. Then he stops and asks one last, hesitant question. "Your god.." he says, and pauses. "Your god, is he aware of the sufferings of his people?"

That is the deeper question. It is one of the deepest questions that anyone, believer or unbeliever, can ask. We struggle through life; we lose loved ones; we lose our jobs, we get sick; sometimes we lose any sense of meaning at all in what we do day after day, day after day. Does God care? Does he really care whether we find the peace and justice and truth we struggle for? Even when we seem to succeed, even then life is still full of suffering, and peace is elusive and justice is blind. As for truth, most of the world is still asking, with Pilate, "What is truth?"

The novel, The Martyred, gives no clear answer to our

questions. The officer asks, "Is your god aware of his people's sufferings?" And the hollow-eyed minister, still wrapped up in his own suffering, is silent.

Perhaps that is where most people begin--with a silent, almost fatalistic acceptance of suffering, suffering without any rational explanation. That is where our text begins, too. Simon, innocent and uncomprehending, has laid on him the cross. And the women wail, and Jesus turns and says, "Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves..." They were all innocent: Jesus, Simon, and the women. Yet they were all. Why, then did a loving God let them suffer? And there is no answer in this text. No answer to the question, but neither is there any dodging of the fact that human life is full of human suffering.

I come from a continent that needs no reminder of the fact of suffering. Asia has known more human pain than all the other continents combined. Japan: from the Tokyo earthquake to Hisoshima. Indonesia; the greatest volcanic disasters in history were in those outwardly idyllic, breathtakingly beautiful south Pacific islands. India: I have walked through the streets of Calcutta and palpably felt the pain. China: a few years ago north of Peking in one gigantic earthquake a million people died. And the world paid very little attention. The news barely made our newspapers. Asia is far away.

The suffering is still more cruel when it is not so much natural disasters from which we suffer, but the cruelty of human beings against human beings. The "haves", for example, against the "have nots". Thirty of the poorest countries in the world, I am told, are all in a broad band of poverty which throws a streak of pain across the world from southeastern Asia into central Africa. A statistic from several years ago shocked me. It may be somewhat outdated, but I am afraid it is still true. In Asia alone live 245 million people who must try to survive on 11 cents a day. Eleven cents. Why I spend three times that much for a cup of coffee and don't even think about it. 245 million people. That is as many people as live in the whole United States. And 11 cents a day is only \$3.40 a month. Those cold, impersonal figures don't even

begin to describe the anguish of such poverty.

But the deepest sufferings of all are in our struggling search for truth. "I am the truth", said Jesus, and where He is not known there is a sickness of the soul that is a sickness unto death. Two thirds of the people on this globe have not found in Jesus that Light, which is the light of the mind, and peace for the restless heart, and healing for the soul. He is the Light of the world, but it is a dark, dark world.

"Daughters of Jerusalem," says Jesus, and he is speaking not only to Jerusalem, but to the whole world--"Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, weep for yourselves." Not much comfort, not much hope there. Only the bitter reminder that life is hard, and often dark, and that the human struggle means human suffering.

II. But the text does not stop there. If the first fact of the cross is the fact of suffering, the second fact is that we do not suffer alone. God suffers with us. Let me read on in the gospel record, Luke 23:32,35:

"Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him. And when they came to the place which is called The Skull, there they crucified him, and the criminals, one on the right and the other on the left... And the people stood by, watching..."

I have been speaking of the sufferings of the human race. The cross speaks of human suffering, yes, but it speaks of much more than that. It speaks of the suffering of God. I think it is peculiarly fitting that out of Asia's pain as filtered through a Christian mind, should come one of the most penetrating modern insights into the meaning of the cross. I refer to Kazoh Kitamori, the Japanese theologian, and to what is called his "theology of the pain of God". Kitamori traces pain beyond human suffering, and beyond Jesus' physical suffering on the cross, into the very heart of God. "Pain", he says bluntly, "is the essence of God".

Now I am not sure that I would want to put it quite that way. It sounds to my orthodox ears too close to the ancient heresy of patipassionism. But Kitamori, who is aware that he comes close to exaggeration, defends himself from that charge rather well.

Nevertheless, I wonder as I read him, and compare his theology of pain with God's revelation of Himself in the Bible,-- I wonder if love is not nearer to the essence of God than pain. And if justice is not nearer to the essence of God than pain. I wonder if power and truth are not nearer to the essence of God than pain. But Kitamori is absolutely right in reminding us that the Christian hope does not come cheap. The cross is not a sentimental illustration of God's sweet love for everybody. It was agony. It was pain. It was death.

Nor is it a brave, revolutionary model of solidarity with the oppressed, as the communists and some Christians like to say. As if only the poor and the oppressed will get to heaven. It is worth noting here, and worth thinking about, that Jesus held out hope of paradise to only one of the thieves crucified with him.

God's pain--to return to Kitamori--is the price God pays for loving the unlovable, whether poor or rich; for hating sin but caring for the sinner; in a word, it is the price God pays to forgive without destroying the line that divides right from wrong, that separates justice from injustice. The price he pays is to let his Son die; and in that pain his love and wrath are yoked together. Kitamori's theology is hard theology, not a homogenized mush in which love is dissolved in sentiment, and justice is outmaneuvered by forgiveness, but a severe love that remains love, and a compassionate wrath that remains wrath. Kitamori writes, "[God's] pain is his act of swallowing up His wrath", and in so doing accepts the pain. We do not suffer alone. We do not suffer alone, and therein lies our hope.

III. The third fact of the cross is that our hope is in God alone. Not in our struggle. Not even in His pain. But in the fact that He is God. Let me read on in the text. One of the criminals turns to Jesus (Luke 23:42-43):

"And he said, 'Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.' And [Jesus] said to him, 'Today you will be with me in paradise'".

When we are in the presence of the King, how quickly hope goes to work. Even in our suffering it becomes immediately operative. Note the word "today". God is with us now, and a surge

6

of power and hope lifts us up in the midst of our struggles.

The Korean Independence Movement of 1919 was the most moving mass demonstration against injustice in modern times. The price of Christian participation was that it be non-violent, and Christians led it. But it was crushed brutally by the troops of the occupying colonial government. One of the independence movement's leaders was Yi Sang-Chai, head of the YMCA. He was roughly interrogated by the Japanese police. "Who is the head of the movement?" they demanded. "Do you know?" "Yes", he said. They pounced on him like tigers. "Who. Tell us. Who is leading the demonstrations against us?" "God", he answered calmly. "God is at our head, and 20 million Koreans are behind him."

That short, brief freedom uprising failed, and many suffered. What happens, then, when we fail? Is there no more hope? Those Korean Christians never lost hope. All through the Japanese occupation; all through the communist invasion, and the imprisonments and beatings and massacres, their hope was in God. and in God alone.

And not just those remarkable Korean Christians. The story is told of a dear old American saint, incurably ill who was visited by a younger friend. "You are suffering much, I am afraid," said the younger woman, trying to be helpful. "Yes", said the older woman, "but look". She held out her hands. "There are no nails there. He had the nails; I have the peace.". She pointed to her head. "There are no thorns there. He had the thorns; I have the hope".

No cross; no hope. But there was a cross. And a suffering Saviour. And we have the hope.

"There is a balm in Gilead, to make the wounded whole,
There is a balm in Gilead, to heal the sin-sick soul.
If you can't preach like Peter; if you can't pray like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus, who died to save us all."

Don't give up hope for Lent!

Samuel Hugh Moffett
[Palmsun.ser]

~~Three Crowns~~
~~BREAD AND PALMS~~
John 6:5-15; Matt.21:1-9

Today is Palm Sunday. Today is the day the Christian Church celebrates the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, the day when the city crowds went wild with joy, waving their palm branches before him and hailing him as king. They did not know he was not coming to Jerusalem to be king; he had come to Jerusalem to die. They wanted to give him a crown. They did not know his crown would be a crown of thorns. But today I want to talk not about the crown he accepted, the crown of thorns, but the three crowns he refused: one during his temptation in the wilderness, one when he fed the 5000, and one on Palm Sunday.

The only other person in history that I can think of who was similarly offered a crown three times, refused it each time, and was killed, is Julius Caesar. But what a difference between those two men, Caesar and Jesus. For Caesar, refusing the crown was good politics because Rome was then still a Republic, and the last thing Caesar he wanted was to be killed. But with Jesus, his death was no mistake, and the only crown he accepted on earth was a crown of thorns. Three times he refused any other crown.

There are some lessons to learn from those three times Jesus refused to be made king.

I. The first time was out in the wilderness, and it was the devil who offered him a crown (John 4:1-12). The devil tempted him with the crown of power. Power, probably, is the strongest temptation in the world. It especially tempts the strong. But that crown is a devil's trap as old as the serpent's trap for Adam and Eve in the Garden. "Eat of the tree in the middle of the garden," said the serpent, "and you will be like God". Power--power like that of God--that was the temptation in Eden. And the devil in the wilderness, like the devil in the garden, tempted Jesus with the same temptation. "Bow down to me." he said, "and I'll give you such power as no one has ever known".

There is a famous proverb about that kind of power: "Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." But Jesus was incorruptible. He answered with one simple verse of Scripture: "You shall worship the Lord your God, and him only you shall serve." He didn't want that kind of a crown. He came as a servant.

That is the first lesson of the three crowns. In God's world to be a servant is better than to be a king. And sometimes for us who call ourselves servants of Jesus Christ, all we need when temptation comes is one simple verse from the Bible.

II. The second lesson is very different. It is the lesson that we need Jesus more than Jesus needs a crown.

This second time when Jesus refused a crown, it was a people's crown he refused. In Galilee it was not the devil but the common people--the people whom Jesus lived, the poor, the hungry, the oppressed--it was the people not the devil who wanted Jesus to be their king (John 6: 5-15). So why didn't he accept? Why not listen to the voice of the people? That's the democratic way, the American way, isn't it? But again Jesus refused.

I suppose there are those today who would say, "He should have paid more attention to the polls." They would say, " He just didn't understand politics. He was given his chance and he lost it... so he failed". But Jesus never fails.

Take another look at that sunny day by blue Galilee when Jesus was surrounded by an eager crowd ready to crown him king. Was Jesus really wrong, not to follow the polls, the path of political popularity? This troubled, pain-filled world of ours needs that Jesus without a crown, more than He ever needed that kind of a crown.

. You remember the scene there by Galilee, how Jesus left Capernaum and took a boat across the lake to escape the crowds that thronged about him, and how thousands of them ran around by the shore to meet him on the other side. Oh, how they loved him. We are told that 5000 men, not counting women and children ran all the long way around the lake to be near him. And Jesus, found himself

in the midst of an even larger, noisier crowd than the one he had left. He could have been angry. He could have waved them away, telling them, "I need rest; I'm tired, there are times I have to be alone." But he didn't do that. He loved them all, and he knew they needed him more than he needed rest. So when they came to Jesus, admitting their emptiness and their hunger, he fed them and filled them, filled them full to overflowing. He never fails.

Absolute dependence on Jesus Christ; that is what Galilee teaches us. Without a crown he was more a king than any emperor who ever lived. And how the world needs that kind of leadership, leadership from a loving heart, not from a golden crown. Leadership from loving and knowing, and leadership for the people, for their benefit, not for the benefit of the leaders. I lived for two years under a "People's Democratic Republic" as they called it, communist China. It turned out to be a frightful thing. They call it democracy, a people's movement, but it was a people's government gone wrong. They crowned their king--they called him the "Great Leader", but they chose the wrong king, as people so often do.

Just yesterday someone asked me about what had happened to me there in the midst of China's revolution. He had heard that I was arrested when the communists took over. I said, "Well, I'm not sure it was actually an arrest, but I was taken to the police station, and detained, and given a trial and found guilty." He said, "Weren't you afraid?" As I thought about it, I realized that I was never really afraid, at least not afraid beyond hope. I was worried, I was anxious, at times I was almost paranoid. but I was wonderfully sustained through it all because I knew that that the Jesus who refused a "people's crown" in Galilee had promised to be with me "always, even to the ends of the earth", even in the "People's Democratic Republic of China. He is the "Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Prince of Peace", about whom Isaiah had prophesied long before as one who would come forth out of Galilee (Isa. 9:6). So when the people needed him in Galilee Jesus was there. And centuries later, when I needed him in China

he was there. He is always there where He is needed. He never fails.

Absolute dependence on Jesus Christ: that is what Galilee teaches us. The simple country folk came empty-handed, no palm branches - but trusting him even for their daily bread. Gladly they acknowledged their dependence, and humbly and gratefully they worshipped the Lord.

I wonder if we in our more sophisticated way, have not lost that sense of dependence on God. We think we can take care of ourselves. We sometimes even think we can tell God to put on a crown and set this world straight in the way we want it set straight, according to our own fallible prejudices. Eileen, some years ago, asked a junior who had just come to the seminary, if she was going regularly to chapel. And the girl hung her head, and looked embarrassed, and finally confessed, "Well, I should attend chapel and I'd like to, but too many people there have been using it to advance their own issues and agendas, and I found it hard to worship God, even in a chapel".

I hope that is not typical, but aren't we getting more man-centered and less God-centered than we used to be? I have a study in Speer Library, and I like to browse in the archives and read old letters, the quaint old letters of our fathers and mothers of long ago. I came across a 200 year old letter from the President of Yale to the father of a young man applying for college entrance:

"My dear Sir: I am glad to hear of the disposition of your son to study languages and enter [Yale]... I think I cannot discharge my duty to you or to him, but by informing you that his desire entirely coincides with my opinion. I shall look forward to receiving him on Tuesday next, d.v., and remain, Sir, with all due respect, your very obed't
Friend and Serv't,
Timothy Dwight

Note particularly the "d.v.", "next Tuesday, d.v.". We've almost forgotten what that "d.v." means. It stands, as I'm sure you know, for "Deus volente", "God willing"--if God wills, said President Timothy Dwight of Yale, I will be glad to welcome your son to the college, next Tuesday." Even in the routine matters of daily life, even in their business letters, our forebears recognized their dependence on the will of God. That note is altogether too much missing today.

But Christ who died is Lord. And when we trust and depend on him,

he never fails. Politics won't save us. It is important ^{of course} to do our part about politics, but apart from God there is absolutely no assurance in history that right will ever overcome wrong; that the oppressed will ever find justice; ^{or} that the hungry will ever be filled.

The lesson of the crowd in Galilee, is that when Christ feeds us, we we don't need a people-pleasing ^{wearing a crown} crowned leader, ^{we} need ^{are fed} food, and ~~are~~ filled, and filled to overflowing. After the multitude had eaten its fill, they took up of that which remained twelve baskets full. No wonder they wanted to crown Him king; they could depend on him.

II. But there is another truth involved in the Kingship of Christ, a truth that Galilee missed, and that Jerusalem came close to understanding. It is just the reverse of the lesson of the feeding of the 5000. We depend on Christ our ~~King~~, yes, but ^{He} the King depends on us, too. He expects a response. ~~That is where he depends on us~~

The simple Galileans came to Jesus empty handed. Only one little boy with his own little "brown-bag lunch", for 5000 men, not counting the women and children. Not so the more sophisticated people of the city, Jerusalem. They brought him waving palm-branches and cast even their clothes before him. And that was a good thing. ^{To do} A generous thing. What we bring to Jesus and lay before him from our hearts, ^{he} he will always accept and bless. And, ^{wants for us to respond with our hearts. He depends on us} he ~~needs us~~. When Jesus left his throne in heaven to become a man, a baby, a carpenter, a servant, ^{then} God in Jesus Christ became dependent upon us. It is a mystery, but it is true.

The gospels are full of the signs of his dependence. Matthew Henry, the old commentator, points out that Jesus rode in a borrowed boat, he ate the Passover in a borrowed room, he was buried in a borrowed tomb, and ^{on Palm Sunday} here he ~~rides~~ ^{what way to be} into Jerusalem in his moment of triumph, on a borrowed ass. More than that, he depended on those cheering crowds for protection from the Scribes and Pharisees who at that very moment were scheming and plotting to put him to death. His only protection, humanly speaking, was the good will of the people. He brought no army and no arms, and he rode on

a borrowed donkey.

We call it the triumphal entry, but there was dependence, humiliation even, in the sight. I can almost see the Roman soldiers on their proud horses, laughing and spitting at the little man on the borrowed donkey whom the crowds were calling king. A Jewish king! Yet never was Jesus more surely a King. Pomp and circumstance never made a man a king. I have read in history books that Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, just before the first world war, went on triumphal tour of the Middle East. When he came to Jerusalem his great white carriage was too large for the gates of the city, so he arrogantly ordered the walls broken down that he might ride through in the style of a king and a conqueror. But he was no conqueror. He lost the great war. The real conqueror of Jerusalem was the British General Allenby, a few years later. When Allenby closed his brilliant desert campaign with the capture of Jerusalem, he made a miserable contrast to the grand entrance of Kaiser Wilhelm. Allenby walked into the city. He didn't ride. And he walked barefoot at the head of his troops through the gates and into the old city in the heat and dust of the day. Why? His own officers wanted him to ride. But he said, "My Lord and my King entered Jerusalem riding on an ass. I will not come into it in greater pomp than he."

So on that first Palm Sunday, the Lord of Lords and King of Kings rode into Jerusalem on a borrowed donkey. And the people on whom he depended praised him, and brought him in rejoicing, and spread before him all that they possessed. That was on Sunday. On Friday they crucified him.

That is the difference between Galilee and Jerusalem. At Galilee the people depended on Jesus, and Jesus never fails. In Jerusalem, ^{when Jesus depended on the people — even his disciples, failed him} well, let me tell you a story about how Jesus returned to heaven after his work on earth was done. It's only a story I read once, it's all imagination, and you'll do well to question some of it, but I wonder if it ^{might} ~~may~~ not have a lesson for us today on Palm Sunday.

The story goes like this. When Jesus got back to heaven

after his work on earth was done, he was very tired. He had suffered so much. And the angel Gabriel, good, efficient Gabriel came rushing up to him. "Lord", he said, "is everything working out all right with the world as you had hoped. ^{Do} You think they can get along without you now?" "I think so," said Jesus, "but they crucified me, you know." "Crucified you! Lord, I told you to take me along. You can't depend on those people down there. Didn't anybody stand up for you. What about those disciples you scraped together?" "Well, Peter tried to help me," he smiled, "but I meant to die, you know. I told him to stop. It's not so much what happened then that hurts. It's the way they left me when it was all over. Peter has gone back to fishing."

And then, so the story goes, Gabriel began to cry-- Gabriel who played with the thunder and lightning, who battles unafraid in the deeps of the sea and the dark places of the air against the hosts of wickedness-- Gabriel cried like a little child at the look of tired discouragement on the face of his Lord. "Isn't there anything we can do, Lord. Let me go down and show them. I told you not to depend on those disciples." "But Jesus shook his head, "No, Gabriel. It is the only way. I have done all I could. There's nothing more I can do. The disciples are all I have left down there."

Well, that is not quite true. What about the Holy Spirit, and the sustaining power of God, and the glory of the resurrection? But this much is true. There on that first Palm Sunday the crowds cheered, and waved their palms, and cast their garments before him, and brought him into the city. That was Sunday. On Friday they crucified him.

He is Lord of Glory and King of Kings. That is how ^{today} we ~~sing about him~~ today, on Sunday. But what will we do on Friday, and all the other Fridays of the years. In a human sense, we are still all he has left. We can still depend on Him. Can He depend on us?

Samuel Hugh Moffett

In the inspection of a Xc post, you can see - call them - not to give in out to
Birmingham that is, to where we are living now. And we too, crucify him - not in a cross, as they did so
long ago - but even more cruelly -

-7-

Jesus is riding into Jerusalem again this morning.
As he did so long ago, he is riding into Jerusalem, and into
Birmingham, and into ^{Brit.} Newark. And like the palm-waving multi-
tudes in Jerusalem that day, we are gathering together again
to hail him King. But beware, Christians, ^{remember} beware. On a Sunday
so long ago the crowds hailed him King. But on a Friday
they crucified Him. ^{Today} On a Sunday, we too hail him Lord and
King. ^{betray} Will we crucify him on Friday, on Wednesday, on ^{Monday,} ~~Thursday?~~
Every unkind word crucifies him afresh. Every jealous thought,
every spiteful deed, every act of unbelief raises him agains on
his cross. ^{And every time you forget him, you drive a nail into his heart.} We hail him as Lord today; God forbid that Jesus
Christ should be king of our lives on the Sabbath, but be for-
gotten through the week. - Studdert-Kennedy

When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged him on a tree,
They drove great nails through hands and feet, and made
a Calvary;
They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red were his
wounds and deep,
~~For then~~ For those were crude and cruel days, and human life was
cheap.

When Jesus came to Birmingham, they simply passed him by.
They never hurt a hair of him, they ~~only~~ let him die.
For man had grown more tender, and they would not give
him pain,
They only just passed down the street, and left him in
the rain.

Still Jesus cried, "Forgive them, for they know not what
they do,"
And still it rained the winter rain that drenched him
through and through.
The crowds went home and left the streets without a soul
to see,
As Jesus crouched against a wall and cried for Calvary.

On Sunday you hail him King. But on Friday, what will you do
with Jesus?

Good Friday

APOSTLES (Paschal Vigil, April 2, 1983. Princeton)

This is

Zinzendorf, preaching to the Moravians on the "proper purpose" of apostolic preaching, said, ("The Lord says), "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation.. (He wants to be..the Saviour of all.) (So) ~~he says to his servants,~~ "Go out to the highways and hedges and compel people to come in.." the poor, the common..who have absolutely nowhere to go..

(And) He is never without his sign, ~~without~~.. (His) wounds. If we therefore want to invite people to the marriage, if we want to describe the Bridegroom it must be said like this: 'I decided to know nothing among you except Jesus, as he hung upon the cross.. I point you to the nail prints, ~~to the~~.. to the hole which the spear pierced open in his side.. Do not be unbelieving...run to the marriage feast, and then no house nor property, no husband, wife or child nor anything else can keep you back.. You will not rest until you..see this man.. You (will) say to all your neighbors, (He) is my friend. My friend looks like this.' And this happens whenever there is preaching.

This is Zinzendorf, preaching to the Moravians -
The Lord says Go into all the world.. Because
He wants to be the Saviour of all the world.
So he sends us ^{out} to the highways, the
hedges. To the poor.. to those who have
no where to go.

And he ~~is never~~ without his sign,
(his) wounds.. So if we want to
invite people to (him).. know nothing
among you except Jesus. Point to the
nail ~~print~~ prints.. the spear-pierced hole in his
side. Tell them "~~There is the man you fear~~
~~lest nothing will keep you back,~~ And you
will say to all your neighbors " ~~This~~ ^{This} is my
friend. My friend looks like this.

And we must say, 'Come.. I point you to the
nail prints.. to the spear-pierced side..
~~[Do not] rest until you find Him.~~ This is my
friend. My friend looks like this. (Do) not rest
until you see Him."

Dear friends & may I say

"Correcter Things Than These"

This is an honor and a great privilege ^{indeed. to be part of Soc. for brothering the Gospel.} But by what right does a missionary like me from a mission ^{in Korea}, which is not even 100 years old, and from a Seminary ^{in New Jersey} only 170 years old, come to this ancient and historic center to speak at a lovefeast commemorating 250 years of the missionary work of the Moravian Brethren. Even William Carey, who would never ^{have} arrogated to himself the mistaken label "father of the modern missionary movement," ^(even Carey will imply) accepted a secondary role when he spoke of the Moravians. Chiding the church for its failure in mission, and finding few examples to praise - Elliott, Brauer, Ziegenbalg - he praised, ^{and} remembering ^{ed} the last 60 years (1792 back to 1732), and added, "But none of the moderns have equalled the Moravian Brethren in this good work..." (An Enquiry... p. 37).

It is still true. ^(We remember here the last 250 years, and say with Carey,) ^{must still} "None of the moderns have equalled the Moravians." I know of no period in mission history that can match the pure, ~~unselfish, sacrificial~~ ~~Christian~~ missionary intensity of the ~~flaming~~ light that was lit at Herrnhut 250 years ago, ^(a light that) and spread with such speed from that village of 5 or 600 souls that in the next 20 years it had already spread around the ~~whole~~ world, from tropical St. Thomas the first year to icy Greenland the next, from South America in 1735 to S. Africa in 1736;

from the Arctic Samoyeds in 1737 to the hot sands of Algeria and Ceylon in 1740. From the shores of Georgia & Pennsylvania, to Russia, & Persia, from Abyssinia to Calcutta. All in 20 short years from 1732 to 1752. ^{It was} An unparalleled achievement!

But Mirarians are historically more used to persecution than to adulation, and may become rather uncomfortable if I continue too long in this vein even on a commemorative occasion. It would perhaps be more appropriate, therefore, to take not Zinzendorf so much as Zinzendorf's Christ as our example; and to use the words of Jesus to his disciples as our text, "greater works than these shall ye do" (John 14:12), ^{So let me} ~~and to~~ turn to 1732 more as a challenge to 1982 than as ~~the~~ ^{the} model of a golden age.

It was the way Jesus challenged his disciples. He ~~had~~ promised them no golden age. "In the world ye shall have tribulation .." But even in tribulation, he told them "greater works than these shall ye do." And they did. Jesus never carried the gospel outside little Palestine. But they did: - Antioch, Edessa, Rome, Spain, perhaps even India. And looking back 250 years later, from the Emperor Constantine's Rome - it was obvious that the disciples had taken the challenge and changed

the world.

Look back with me, then at 1732 not as ~~a golden~~ the beginning of a golden age, ^{of missions} but as a challenge which is still changing the world for Christ.

I think of a secular parallel. 1732 happens to be also the year George Washington was born. ~~But~~ ^{That} it was no golden age, ~~he~~ ^{even after he won the war} ~~was~~ in the year ~~he won~~ the war ~~and~~ ^{ended and} ~~founded~~ a new country, ^{began} Washington ~~he~~ had to flee from Philadelphia, ~~and~~ - the whole Continental Congress with him - and find refuge in Princeton to escape a possible mutiny by his own discontented and ~~as~~ underpaid troops. It was not ~~golden~~ ^{successful} ~~age~~ ^{a model} he gave us - but a challenge to great things still to do - ^{in the spirit of that challenge} and, 250 years or so later his ~~spiritual~~ heirs put a man on the moon.

Yes, there have been great changes in the colonies since Washington's day - and just as great changes in the Christian world mission. ~~In~~ Those first Moravian pioneers also gave us no golden age - but a challenge.

In that same year, 1732, Jöber and Nitschmann, a potter and a carpenter, heard the call of God, and set off on foot from Saxony to the Americas by way of Denmark. They had a pack apiece on their backs and three dollars each in their pockets, ^{It was all they needed because they went with Christ.} (p. 80, Thompson).

They were ready, if need be, to sell themselves into slavery if by that means they might

Dobson and Nitschmann, neither one, lived to see many souls won to Christ in St. Thomas, and not for another century were the slaves of the British West Indies emancipated. But the challenge had been laid down - a challenge to Christian nations ^{which were} promoting the deadly trade, and a challenge to Christian pastors in Europe who were still thundering from their pulpits against the absurdity of a Christian world mission that expected to convert savages who had nothing human about them but their bodies.

~~Dobson + Nitschmann knew better. They took up the challenge and passed it on, and the rest took up the challenge, and received the~~

^{with it} promise, "Greater works than these shall ye do." ^{Today,} Almost exactly 250 years ^{the promise has been fulfilled.} later, ^{the promise has been} sometime in late 1981 or early 1982, the Christian

world mission passed a dramatic and extremely significant turning point. For the first time in ^{1200 years} ~~history~~, as the result of the modern missionary movement, Christianity is no longer "the white man's religion," as it so unmistakably was in 1732. In the first century, the apostolic age, (the new World Encyclopedia tells us) in color terms, Christianity was tan (Middle Eastern) - 95% tan, only 5% white, ~~and Islam had taken~~ ^(or 1792) But in 1732, the situation was almost mirror-reversed. The color had been bled out of the Christian faith. The Middle East had been lost to Islam, and Christianity ~~was~~ ^{had become about} 90% white, which is why that first Moravian mission ⁺ seemed so radical.

"As though in preparation for such a time as this", he said, referring to the clouds of conflict and war rolling over Europe in 1942, "God has been building up a Christian fellowship which now extends into almost every nation, and binds citizens of them all together in true unity and mutual love. No human agency has planned this. It is the result of the great missionary enterprise of the last hundred and fifty years [today we would more accurately say 250 years]. Neither the missionaries nor those who sent them out were aiming at the creation of a world-wide fellowship interpenetrating the nations, bridging the gulfs between them, and supplying the promise of a check to their rivalries. The aim for nearly the whole period was to preach the gospel to as many individuals as could be reached so that those who were won to discipleship should be put in the way of eternal salvation. Almost incidentally the great world-fellowship has arisen; it is the great new fact of our era." (The Church looks Forward, p. 1-3).

This great world-fellowship marked the crossing of a second barrier - not a clear line so much as the penetration of the great geographical & political divisions that cut off whole nations from the gospel, and separate people from people of nation from nation. And the first missionary surge from Hermonut carried the

(275 yrs. - 150)

gospel into more than 20 frontier territories, and in its first ¹⁵⁰ years sent ~~not~~ more than 2,000 missionaries overseas, "a record without parallel."

But ~~still~~, even at the end of the 18th century the world was still sharply divided between a Christendom almost entirely limited to the 40 nations of one quarter of the earth's surface, ⁱⁿ the northwest quarter of the globe, and ~~the rest~~ ^{other nations were} heathendom. ~~in all the rest~~ ^{the western world}. Protestants outside ^{the western world} could count not more than a few thousands of converts along the fringes of the continents and a handful of missionaries intermittently lighting up the gloom

MAUNDY THURSDAY — Laboring Not Alone

John 13:1-17, 31b-35

The sun was beating down in rural India — perhaps 110 degrees. But the joyful occasion was a service of blessing before construction started on a bio-gas digester, a simple 14-foot wide brick sphere buried into the ground that would turn human waste into clean methane gas. The gas would provide free energy to cook daily meals for an entire children's school of the Rural Presbyterian Church (RPC) of India, a PC(USA) partner church.

Sixty school children ringed the heaping pile of red bricks from which the digester would be built. Three of us PC(USA) representatives looked on, as did pastors of the RPC and a crew of hired day-workers. With the prayers said, the bricks needed to be moved. The workers launched into their job, quickly working up a sweat in the heat. It was as it always had been in India: the privileged watching the menial laborers do their work.

Suddenly the top leader of the RPC, an honored dignitary at the service, stepped over to the pile of bricks and hefted two of them to his own chest, carrying them to the new pile. The laborers were not alone in their work any longer! Within moments, all of us — schoolchildren, pastors, leaders, laborers — had bricks in hand, joined in common task together. The pile was swiftly moved.

"Jesus said, 'I have set you an example, that you also should do as I have done to you... If you know these things, you are blessed if you do them.'"

Prayer: Lord of the Workers, create in us hearts willing to serve as did our Master, who served us even to the point of dying on the cross. AMEN.

David Hackett
Executive Director,
Presbyterian Frontier Fellowship

GOOD FRIDAY — Power from Above

John 18 & 19

Of all the intriguing characters portrayed in the Good Friday story, I am most fascinated by the figure of Pilate and his 'scenes' with Jesus. The dialogue within these chapters is a rich exploration of the relationship between power and love. Who is in control? In John 19:10 Pilate asks, "Do you not know that I have power to release you and power to crucify you?" to which Jesus responds, "You would have no power over me unless it had been given to you from above."

In the midst of this passion drama, we are indeed reminded over and over again that God is the one who is in control. This simple message became a profound reality for me as a Young Adult Volunteer in Belfast, Northern Ireland several years ago. Although the conflict had been festering for centuries, the current 'Troubles,' as the civil war is locally known, exploded onto the scene with official military intervention in the late 1960's. Since then this conflict between Catholics and Protestants has claimed the lives of over 3000 people and torn apart communities, churches and relationships. People of faith, like my friend and Mission Co-Worker, Doug Baker, serve as a witness for peace and reconciliation on our behalf in that place.

At the end of the day, I believe it is helpful to remember that all of us are called as servants of the One who is ultimately in control. Perhaps appropriately, on Good Friday 1998 an agreement on future structures for governing Northern Ireland was reached by eight political parties and the British and Irish Governments. And on May 22, 1998 this agreement was endorsed in referenda by the overwhelming majority of voters in both Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland. These developments are extremely significant, despite what remains to be done in that land.

Prayer: We give you thanks, O God, and turn for continued guidance from the Prince of Peace who even through his death reminds us that You are a God of love who is in control. AMEN.

Corey Nelson

Associate, Special Projects
Worldwide Ministries Division

GOOD FRIDAY MEDITATION

The Word of Human Care John 19:25-27

The third word from the cross is "the word of human care." Hear it now as it is written in the Gospel according to St. John 19: 25-27"

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

This is the tenderest and most appealing moment of all in those hard last hours of Jesus' life on earth. Humanly speaking, this is how we would most like to remember him. This is the gospel of love--a son caring for his mother. This is the word of human care.

It is tempting to rest here, to stop the agony, to forget a Saviour dying for the world, and to see only a good man, a Son who loves his mother. How easily we oversimplify the gospel.

Our Lord fits into no such easy pigeon-holes. When you read this account, don't forget an earlier scene, in Galilee. Jesus is surrounded by pressing crowds. A messenger breaks through. "Your mother and your brothers are without. They wish to speak with you." But, as Matthew writes, "He answered and said unto them, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" (Matt. 12:40). And he refuses to see them.

This is the same Jesus who now even in the midst of the agony of the cross takes thought to provide for the future of the mother he is about to leave behind. There is no real inconsistency in the two incidents. The contrast is simply the Bible's dramatic way of reminding us that Christian love has its priorities, and man's first love is due to God, not even to his own relatives. How much of Asia's bitter factionalism might be avoided if only this first lesson of the Christian faith could be learned.

But there is a second commandment: Love thy neighbor. And a third word from the cross: "Woman, behold thy son. Son, behold thy mother." After the first commandment comes the word of human care. And this too is the gospel.

It shines like a jewel in this dark chapter, all the brighter because of death's black shadows around it. The scene is desolate. Three crosses against the clouded sky. The soldiers, the crowds, the dying men, and the women weeping at the foot of the cross. Then through the darkness like a shaft from the sun shines the light of love--and like a foretaste of the Easter victory to come, perfect love casts out fear, and the scene is transformed.

I. There is first the love of the mother for her son. This is natural love.

This is the kind of love that sweetens all our human relationships and makes us better far than we are inclined by nature to be. This is what brought Mary to the cross, when the disciples fled. It was not safe for her to be there. Her son was a criminal, a rebel. But she was there, for she was his mother. Barclay say, "Jesus might be a criminal in the eyes of the law, but He was her son", and he quotes Kipling:

"If I were hanged on the highest hill, Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still, Mother o' mine, O.....

If I were drowned in the deepest sea, Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me, Mother o' mine, O.....

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!"

II. Second, there is the love of the son for the mother. This is love expressed, love without self-pity. Jesus sees his mother, and instantly he forgets his own pain, his imminent death, and directs all his thoughts to make proper provision for her care after his death. He sees John, his cousin, the beloved disciple, standing next to her. "Woman, behold thy son; Son, behold thy mother." "And a new family is brought into being at the foot of the cross." Many see in this new family a symbol of the birth of the Christian church, and I rather like the symbolism. The church is born in love, God's dying love for us, and its first outward expression is love, love for the poor, the helpless, the bereaved.

It proceeds from Christ's sacrifice on the cross, it is purchased by his blood, and the first demonstration of its faith is to provide a home, in love, for a widow. That is a picture of the Church of Christ as it ought to be. God's word in Christ always leads straight to "the word of human care".

III. And finally, there is in this third word from the cross, the love of God for man. Christ died for the whole world, but one of his last words is focussed on one woman. What a wonderfully human touch this is, relieving the high tragedy, the cosmic scope of the account of the death of the Son of God.

It is precisely at this point that one of the fatal flaws in communism becomes most apparent. It too is full of the words of human care, of concern for the oppressed and the exploited. But in its concern for the masses, it forgets the man, the individual. Its social concern has breadth, but no focus.

How different is the love of God which embraces the whole world and all the stars in space if they have life, but never loses focus. "His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me." So the Son of God looked down from the cross, and saw a weeping woman, and was not so busy saving the world that he could not find her a home.

Christian, if you love the Lord Jesus, be not so busy in your high calling, whatever it may be, that you forget the word of human care. It ends like this, "And from that hour, the disciple took her unto his own home." How open is your heart; how open is your home?

March 27, 1964

He begged them not to grieve, and his penetrating glance at John warned the apostle to shield his Mother from as much of what lay ahead as possible. John nodded through eyes dimmed. Mary wanted to remain at the side of her only child, but John led her a few feet away with the others. In the remaining minutes of the life of Jesus—about 180—John tried to shield Mary from the heart-rending sight of her divine son's death.

The centurion consulted with the executioner, and ordered the crucifixion of Jesus first. One of the thieves was arguing loudly that he was not a robber, but a politician. Some of the soldiers chuckled and one suggested that the robber talk about it to Jesus, who was a king. The other thief seemed frightened. He had no friend or kin in the crowd, and he folded his hands in prayer. The crowd jeered.

Abenadar ordered Simon of Cyrene to set the crossbeam down behind Jesus. The pagan looked at the Galilean with compassion. It was obvious that he wanted to say something sympathetic. He tried, but gave up and walked into the crowd, shaking his head. The centurion ordered the three soldiers who had carried the signs to assist the executioner and to stand guard beneath the crosses. He would share this duty with them.

The Phoenicians were the first to devise crucifixion. They had tried death by spear, by boiling in oil, impalement, stoning, strangulation, drowning, burning—and all had been found to be too quick. They wanted a means of punishing criminals slowly and inexorably, so man devised the cross. It was almost ideal, because in its original form it was as slow as it was painful (men often lived two and more days in the burning sun), and the condemned, at the same time, were placed fairly before the gaze of the people.

A secondary consideration was nudity. This added to the shame of the evildoer and, at the same time, made him helpless before the thousands of insects of the air, while the carrion birds and the small animals held back until the crucified was dead.

The Romans adopted the cross as a means of deterring crime, and they had faith in it. In time, they reduced it to an exact science with a set of rules to be followed. The soldiers of the Empire had much practice in this field. When the revolt of

Spartacus was suppressed, six thousand men were crucified in a single day and hung on crosses between Capua and Rome. In the early phases of this form of execution, they had driven spikes through the feet of the victim and tied the hands to the crossbeam; but this, they learned, sapped the strength of criminals so slowly that it was necessary to keep a guard posted at the foot of the cross for several days. Later, they abandoned spikes and ropes and drove nails through wrists and feet and found that, unless the victim was a tower of strength, he would expire within a few hours.

This, they decided, was reasonable because, after that time, the interest of the onlookers began to flag. The crowd went home.

In the early days of the Empire, this punishment was reserved for slaves and revolutionaries. For a long time the words of a magistrate sentencing a man to death were: "Pone crucem servo"—place the cross on the slave. The part which remained permanently in the ground was called *stipes crucis*. The crossbeam, carried by Jesus until he fell, was the *patibulum*.

The upright was six feet tall. This would accommodate most criminals because the knees were arranged in a buckled position. The Romans called the assembled cross the *crux humilis*. They had another cross, rarely used, which was called *crux sublimis*, and this was much taller, but was only used on personages whom the Romans wanted to display—like Regulus or Bomilcar on the sunny field at Carthage, or the condemned Spanish assassin who appealed to Caesar Galba and insisted that he was not a slave; he was a Roman citizen.

The *patibulum*, in the earliest crucifixions, was a long piece of wood used to bar doors. It was hammered against an upright, and formed a true cross. This was called the *crux immissa*, or *capitata*. Usage, however, refined the cross into one resembling a capital T. It was easier to manufacture, easier to use, and was made by the executioners.

For a time, the Romans used a small pointed saddle—called the *sedile*, or the *sedere cruce*. This was nailed beneath the pelvis of the criminal and, as his fatigue increased, he tended to try to rest on the point of it. It was used on occasion in the time of

Seneca, but it did not merit the extra time its use entailed, and it was abandoned.

The crowd was quiet. Abenadar had assigned four soldiers to each of the thieves, and they awaited a signal. The entire party now stood on the black rock, which bulged above the crossroads like a man's hat. Golgotha was crowded. The people pressed in upon the soldiers and, with the muttering of the curious, the shouted orders of the soldiers to stand back, the sobbing of women spectators, there was considerable noise. Then through the cordon of guards came some of the charitable women of Jerusalem, bringing a jar and chalices.

They brought wine, slightly drugged, to all men who were to be crucified. It was an act of mercy which the Romans permitted. Abenadar waited patiently until they had finished. The women approached one of the thieves—the one who had remained silent throughout the march. They poured the wine from the jar into the chalice. Ordinarily it contained a grain or two of incense, and this, it was said, had the property of drugging the senses.

It didn't, but the belief, when shared by the culprit, was of some help. The silent thief drank the potion and stared at the women, who wept. He seemed stunned: his life was about to be forfeited and yet his eyes remained dry; they, who would continue to live, sobbed for someone they had never known.

The women moved across the rock to Jesus and poured the drink into a fresh chalice. He looked at the wine and at the women and shook his head. He would not drink it. He had to feel the fullness of pain.

The women moved on to the other robber, some looking back at the strange man who had spurned their wine, and who, only a half hour ago, had said such strange things to them. The third man took the drink, gulped it down, and began a loud speech on the injustice of crucifying political opponents. The witnesses had called him a thief, and this was not so. He was truly an opponent of the political powers in Jerusalem, and if he had stolen, it was a matter of policy not personal gain.

He was still talking as the women moved off the rock of Golgotha.

Abenadar gave the signal. Four soldiers moved in closely

around the prisoners and began to strip them of their clothes. A murmurous sound came up from the people below. The crucifixion had begun.

When the prisoners were naked, a cloth was wound around their loins and between the thighs with the loose end tucked in at the back. Their clothes and sandals were set in a loose pile before each of the three.

The time was a few minutes after noon. The sun was high and warm. Below the big bald rock, the leaves of the olive trees and the wild flowers shimmered in a soft breeze. Coveys of little swifts darted across the rock and down into the garden below, there to peck for food and to keep a wary eye on man. At the first murmur from the crowd, they took flight.

The executioner laid the crossbeam behind Jesus and brought him to the ground quickly by grasping his arm and pulling him backward. As soon as Jesus fell, the beam was fitted under the back of his neck and, on each side, soldiers quickly knelt on the inside of the elbows. Jesus gave no resistance and said nothing, but he groaned as he fell on the back of his head and the thorns pressed against his torn scalp.

Once begun, the matter was done quickly and efficiently. The executioner wore an apron with pockets. He placed two five-inch nails between his teeth and, hammer in hand, knelt beside the right arm. The soldier whose knee rested on the inside of the elbow held the forearm flat to the board. With his right hand, the executioner probed the wrist of Jesus to find the little hollow spot.* When he found it, he took one of the square-cut iron nails from his teeth and held it against the spot, directly behind where the so-called life line ends. Then he raised the hammer over the nail head and brought it down with force.

At the foot of the hill, John held Mary's head against his bosom—both to comfort her and so that she could not see. Among the spectators many turned away. Some cried. Some prayed aloud. Some walked away toward the Gennath Gate.

The executioner jumped across the body to the other wrist. . . .

As soon as he was satisfied that the condemned man could not, in struggling, pull himself loose and perhaps fall forward off the

* The nails were never put in the hands.

cross, he brought both of his arms upward rapidly. This was the signal to lift the crossbeam.

Two soldiers grabbed each side of the crossbeam and lifted. As they pulled up, they dragged Jesus by the wrists. With every breath, he groaned. When the soldiers reached the upright, the four of them began to lift the crossbeam higher until the feet of Jesus were off the ground. The body must have writhed with pain.

The four men pushed upward until the mortise hole was over the upright. The two thieves, who had been watching, looked away. The silent one found his voice again and began to pray in murmurs. The other one cried, and appealed to the four guards around him that this was all a mistake as far as he was concerned. One high priest looked at another and said that this was a very poor example of a Messiah; in his time, he had seen better.

When the crossbeam was set firmly, the executioner reached up and set the board which listed the name of prisoner and the crime. Then he knelt before the cross. Two soldiers hurried to help, and each one took hold of a leg at the calf. The ritual was to nail the right foot over the left, and this was probably the most difficult part of the work. If the feet were pulled downward, and nailed close to the foot of the cross, the prisoner always died quickly. Over the years, the Romans learned to push the feet upward on the cross, so that the condemned man could lean on the nails and stretch himself upward.

Jesus was crucified. He faced the Holy City for the last time.

The workman moved to the others, and went through the same ritual with each one.

To the watching crowd in front, death appeared to come slowly astride the shoulders of fatigue. The four wounds, in themselves, were not fatal. But the constant pain forced the dying men to move in agony.

The spectators observed Jesus closely because the high priests had passed the word that this was a mock Messiah, and that part of his crime was saying that if the great temple were destroyed he could raise it in three days. To the strangers, Jesus looked like any other pain-racked criminal they had ever seen. To the casual viewer there was nothing different about him, or unusual.

Like the others', his head at times was lowered, with chin touching chest. Again, moved by sudden spasms, his head tossed from one shoulder to the other and his eyes looked directly up into the sun as his lips moved. When his body sagged, in fatigue, its weight hung on the nails in his wrists and his knees bent far forward.

His arms were now in a V position, and Jesus became conscious of two unendurable circumstances: the first was that the pain in his wrists was beyond bearing, and that muscle cramps knotted his forearms and upper arms and the pads of his shoulders; the second was that his pectoral muscles at the sides of his chest were momentarily paralyzed. This induced in him an involuntary panic; for he found that while he could draw air into his lungs, he was powerless to exhale.

At once, Jesus raised himself on his bleeding feet. As the weight of his body came down on the insteps, the single nail pressed hard against the top of the wound. Slowly, steadily, Jesus was forced to raise himself higher until, for the moment, his head hid the sign which told of his crime. When his shoulders were on a level with his hands, breathing was rapid and easier. Like the other two, he fought the pain in his feet in order to breathe rapidly for a few moments. Then, unable to bear the pain below, which cramped legs and thighs and wrung moans from the strongest, he let his torso sag lower and lower, and his knees projected a little at a time until, with a deep sigh, he felt himself to be hanging by the wrists. And this process must have been repeated again and again.

The elders could not refrain from pouring some scorn onto the pain. Cupping his hands, one yelled at Jesus: "You are the one that can pull down the sanctuary and lift it up in three days!" This savage sarcasm was appropriate because every time the body of Jesus sagged, it looked as though he could hardly lift himself up again.

Another shouted: "Help yourself if you are the Son of God, and come down from the cross!"

There was no reply from the cross. Caiphas sneered as he said loudly: "He helped others! He cannot help himself!" Others in the small select group of priests joined in the cry: "He is the king

of Judea; let him this instant come down from the cross, and we will believe in him!" (Lord, give us a sign!) "He trusts in God; let God deliver him if he cares for him. Did he not say, 'I am the Son of God?'"

One of the soldiers, who had been playing knucklebones, joined in the taunting. He walked around to a position in front of the cross, and, placing his hands on his hips, looked up into the agonized face of Jesus and said: "If you are the king of the Jews, then save yourself."

A woman told her husband that it was becoming difficult to see. He looked into the sky, and others looked. There were no clouds. But the heavens had deepened from a pale azure to a deeper hue. The sky continued to darken. It was not a sudden thing; the color of the sky continued to deepen to a robin's egg blue and then on to a darker blue.

The people forgot for a moment the three men on crosses, and many in the crowd pointed to the sky. Some said that a storm was coming. The crowd began to break up, and many hurried toward the gates, the women flinging shawls over their heads and running with their children to get to shelter before the storm broke.

There was no sound of thunder. There were no lightning flashes. There were no clouds. The sky darkened until the sun could be stared at with the human eye. The blue deepened until the darkness of dusk descended over all.

The people were afraid, and many asked what this was. And some, calmer than others, said that it must be a gigantic dust storm which had flung millions of tons of sand between the land and the sun. But others said that even the oldest living Jew had not seen a sandstorm of more than minor proportions over Jerusalem.*

The darkness lasted for the rest of the day.

* The darkness, which was like looking through extra-strong sun glasses, seems to have pervaded the world at this hour. Phlegon wrote that in the fourth year of the two hundred and second Olympiad, there was a great darkness over Europe, surpassing anything that had ever been seen. At mid-day, he said, the stars could be seen. At the same time an earthquake caused much damage in Nicaea. Tertullian said later that he found in the records of Rome a notation of world-wide darkness which the statesmen of the Empire could not explain. Apparently the people of Jerusalem were accustomed to sudden changes in the weather, or there would have been a very wide sense of alarm or wonder at this time.

1 p.m.

TRAFFIC on the two main roads was lighter now. One or two caravans came plodding down from the north, pausing to ask questions and to gesticulate at the three men on trees. None left the city except pagan merchants going west to make connections with a ship at Joppa. A Persian astride a camel rocked through the gate, outward bound, despite the stronger weather, glancing disdainfully at the wretches on the stony hill.

Death was a cheap transient in Palestine. It came, it went. It visited many; it remained in no home for long. Many families, seeing a dead beggar on a road, would scarcely pause. Children were prone to so many kinds of sickness and fever that the mother who could boast that she had four growing youngsters with none lost to death was rare and lucky. The median age was somewhere between twenty-five and thirty.

There was little interest in the fate of Jesus after the first hour. Only a few high priests remained; the others had hurried back to the temple. Most of the curious had left because they were afraid of the mid-day darkness. The birds were hushed. The little olive trees and the wild flowers held a steady pose in the still air.

The only sounds were the deep moans of pain wrenched from the throats of the dying. Each had come a long way in pain; each had a long way to go. Once in a while, the few observers pointed to one or another of the three and said: "This one is dead. He does not move."

It is likely that one or the other of the condemned fainted from

time to time. But never for long, because the moment the sweetness of unconsciousness embraced him he could not breathe. If death did not overcome him quickly, the return to consciousness was more acutely painful than that which had originally caused the spectators and the wall of Jerusalem to dance before his eyes and to revolve amid ringing sounds and darkness.

Behind the crosses, the soldiers rolled knucklebones on the slope of rock and argued loudly. Under the law, the effects of all condemned persons were confiscated by the state. The spoils of drawing this particular duty were that the four soldiers assigned to each prisoner were permitted to divide his clothes among them.

One of the four behind the cross of Jesus was Abenadar. He could have asserted his rank and braved the grumble of his men in taking the clothing. But he decreed that all should have their mid-day rations first. After that, they drank cheap wine, toasted Jesus and, raising their cups, asked him to toast them in return. They inquired about his state of health, how he was feeling and so forth.

They drank considerable wine and played knucklebones and insulted each other at play. Abenadar walked around the cross and picked up the garments of Jesus. To one, he tossed the worn sandals. To another he gave the bloody cloak. To a third he threw the broad white band which was worn as a hat. For himself, he kept the girdle. Then he nodded to the other soldiers to portion out the clothing of the thieves. They jumped to their feet and scrambled for the pathetic spoils.

There had been one article of clothing left over after the garments of Jesus were divided. This was a tunic—an undergarment made like a long petticoat. It was stained with the Saviour's blood, but Abenadar was interested because it appeared to be a garment without a seam. He stood on the rock with his fingers inside the neck band, turning it around and around trying to find a seam. There wasn't any.

The centurion was just. He wanted the garment. When it was washed, it would be worth more than the other items, but he decreed that he and his friends should have a little more wine and then roll the cubed bones for the tunic. The soldiers passed it

around, feeling and looking for a seam, but found none.

When they began to gamble for the tunic, Jesus looked up heaven and said loudly: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" It was so unexpected that the soldiers stopped the game briefly—for even in their half-drunken state the extraordinary words must have brought a moment of wonder; Mary, who had been weeping, stopped suddenly and broke away from young John to look up at her Son.

What Jesus had uttered was a prayer asking for forgiveness for the soldiers who callously crucified him and who divided his garments. But when he uttered the word "them," it embraced more than the soldiers. The ejaculation asked pardon for the priests, the Pharisees, Sadducees, the people, the world. It included the man with the disordered mind who had destroyed a people in one day—Judas Iscariot.

Love. This is what he meant by love.

The watchers noted that the three men were failing. Some of the soldiers looked at the sky and wondered what had delayed the storm which was so long in coming. Others, fairly full of wine, pulled their helmets off and dozed on the big rock.

Each minute required sixty slow steps to cross the face of the condemned. With each second, the pain mounted. But death was not ready. The arms, the limbs, the torso screamed with pain as the nerves were pulled across a bridge like that on a violin, the nerve ends were screwed tighter and tighter and tighter.

The political robber to the left of Jesus* glared at him. It was as though he had a secret grievance against the stranger who was dying with him. He kept glowering across his right shoulder and at last exploded in anger.

"Are you not the Messiah?" he roared. "Save yourself and us!"

Jesus looked toward the man whom pain had conquered. He said nothing. The silent one raised himself high on his bloody hands and looked across Jesus to reprove his friend. "Do not you

* History has given apocryphal names to the two robbers. The one who protested that he was a politician, not a thief, has been called Cestus, which could mean hardened, silenced. The other has been called Dysmas, which is idiomatic, might be translated as he who turns to the setting sun. Other names for them are Dumachas and Titus, Joca and Matha, Nisimus and Z...

fear God, though you have been condemned to the same punishment?" The political robber had sunk to the bottom of his cross, and could no longer hear. "Besides," the silent one said, "we suffer justly and are getting what we have deserved for our crimes. But this man has done no wrong." There was no reply. The robber was groaning in anguish. The silent one took an extra long breath before he started to sink, and he said in humble desperation: "Jesus, remember me when you return in your glory."

The Messiah raised himself, breathed painfully and said: "Today you shall be with me in Paradise."

The Messiah—who was dying as man and with the physical limitations of man—found himself in a multiplicity of pain. Slowly, steadily, he was being asphyxiated as though two hands were on his throat.

The loss of blood had not been fatal. No arteries in wrists or feet had been severed, though there was considerable loss from thorns and wounds. The cause of death, in Roman crucifixions, was never loss of blood. It was almost always asphyxiation.

The thieves were weaker too; the whole scheme of crucifixion was progressive weakness under increasing pain. But their weakness did not keep pace with that of Jesus because he had been beaten and had been given no food or water since eleven the night before—almost fourteen hours. The mouths and throats of all condemned men cried for water and, as the victim went deeper into shock, he lost more fluids and his skin became increasingly moist to the touch.

Jesus was closer to death than the robbers.

2 p.m.

JESUS began his final hour on the cross.

The traffic through the Gennath Gate was down to a trickle. The beggars whistled, and their kin came and carried them off. The soldiers dozed on the dark rock. The cluster of people around Golgotha was composed of hardly more than the few who loved Jesus and the few who despised him. The sky remained under a dark veil, and some said that it must be an eclipse of the sun, although the more learned knew that this could not be, because the sun was now in the western side of the sky and the moon would rise in the east after sundown.

Even in gloom, the city inside the gates was in a holiday spirit; the crowding of religious people at the temple, far from being an irritation, was a source of brotherly joy to all. In the outer courts, thousands and thousands of men assembled, awaiting the call to the mid-afternoon sacrifice.

Few knew about the fate of Jesus. The exact whereabouts of the apostles other than Judas and John at this time is not known. In any case they were ashamed—and quiet in the agony of their shame. The priests said nothing, because they did not want the execution of Jesus to become known to his many followers. On the temple porch that afternoon, scores of men asked: "But where is this great Jesus, who teaches in the name of the Lord?" "Where is the Galilean who raises from the dead and makes the blind to see?" "We have heard much of this Jesus. Where can he be found?" No one knew. No one would tell.

The few who had seen him on the cross, and had recognized

him by the sign behind his head, would not discuss the matter because it dampened one's holy joy to know that a fellow man was up on a Roman tree; besides, a man would be ashamed to admit that the one he had thought might be the promised Messiah was dying like a slave outside the west wall of the holy city. Sadly, if the thousands who believed in Jesus could have seen his wretched condition now, they might have been angered at the plot of Judas and Caiphas to kill him; but, on reflection, they would have had to admit that what they saw at Golgotha did not coincide with their image of a Messiah.

Better than anyone, Jesus knew the imminence of death. He could have willed himself to die at any time, but he wanted to show his love for mankind by suffering *in extremis*, and he had not reached this point. In severe and unremitting pain, it required a strong will to keep from dying.

Jesus looked at the little party of loved ones standing only twenty-five feet away. Young John's arm was around the Mother of Jesus in protection. On the other side of Mary was the "sister" of the Blessed Mother. There too was Mary Magdalen, whom Jesus had once delivered of seven devils, and she stood beside the faithful Salome.

The Messiah nodded from his cross to John. The apostle saw the sign through tear-dimmed eyes, and did not know whether to go forward alone, or to bring the Mother of the Messiah with him. After a whispered conversation with the women, he decided to step forward with Mary.

The soldiers saw them approach and two got to their feet with spears, but the centurion ordered them not to seek trouble. They sat on the warm rock and watched. Mary and John walked up on the rock slowly until they stood almost in front of Jesus. They stood only a foot below his eyes, and what they saw caused Mary to sob and lower her head.

Jesus did not want to excite their pity. He had a message for both of them. His foster father had been dead for a long time, and now that he, the only child, was dying, there would be no one to watch over Mary and to take care of her in her declining years. Their many kin would not see Mary in want, but Jesus did not wish his Mother to be shunted from relative to relative,

no matter how kindly disposed they might be.

He drew himself up on the cross, so that he could speak. He clenched his teeth against the pain until his knees were straight again and he could breathe. Then, in an economy of words, he said: "Mother, behold your son." And Mary looked at John. Jesus looked steadily at John, and said: "Son, behold your mother." John the apostle fastened his arm around Mary a little tighter. He looked up into the eyes of his Messiah and nodded. He understood.

They turned and walked back to the others. This was a tragic moment for the Son of Man. He watched the back of his Mother, her head covered with the cornered veil which hung down to the waist. As she retreated from him, with the arm of John where he wished his could be, the eyes of Jesus misted and the pain of dying faded, for a moment, in the face of a greater ache.

It wasn't much of a farewell. He could have said much more. He could have unlocked his reluctant man's heart, which does not usually speak eloquently of filial devotion, and he could have told her how much he really loved her, how much her teachings had meant to him, how deeply he understood all her sufferings through the years of his work, and how he was torn by the heaviness of her heart in this terrible moment. But he didn't.

All too well, Jesus knew that words like these, far from decreasing her grief, would add to it and bring all her sorrow to poignant life. It was better to say it all in a few important words. But underneath her grief she must have had a deep sense of her son's ultimate victory.

The minutes moved on. The high priests were worried. The water clocks were nearing the ninth hour and it was not seemly that Jesus and the robbers should continue to struggle. The priests did not want to appear to be callous about the matter of time, but, in a little more than three hours the Sabbath would be upon all. So, after some discussion, they sent a messenger hurrying back into the city to ask Pontius Pilate to order the centurion to dispatch these three, so that they might be interred before sundown.

The Galilean was close to death. For a time, he hung down, and the vision of his loved ones and the wall of the city and the

①
Jn. 19: 17-21.

Good Friday

^{in fact} Today is Good Friday - the Day of Remembrance of the death of our Lord + Saviour Jesus Christ. It is not a Sacrament. Today and tomorrow - "Good Friday and Holy Saturday - are the only two days [in the year] when in many liturgical churches ... the Eucharist is not celebrated." (James Carpenter, N.Y. Times 4/4/55, B3). Why? Why is it ~~not~~ ^{not} on these two days only, Christians do not ordinarily come to Communion.

One reason is that on these two days, the whole day, not just an hour's service, is for Christians the communion of the body and the blood of our Lord. Good Friday is the day His body was broken. Today is the day His blood was shed for our sins. This is the day we remember His death. And on the day He died, we do not need the symbols - the bread and wine - to remind us of His death. We don't need the Table of the Lord's Supper today. We have the Cross.

But ~~let us~~ ^{do not} not come lightly to the Cross. Paul reminds us very bluntly in his letter to the Corinthians (2 Cor. 11: 17-22) what a serious matter it is to take Communion, to come to the Table. Then how much more serious it is to come to the ^{sacrament} Cross, as we do on Good Friday.

Look first at the Supper - at the ~~Eucharist~~ ^{sacrament} - then we will look at the Cross.

Do you remember how Paul begins his introduction to the Lord's Supper? ~~Not~~ Not with the properly liturgical ~~and formal~~ words with which we are so familiar - "The Lord Jesus, the night in which He was betrayed, took bread..." Back up a paragraph and read what Paul actually wrote before he began to talk about the breaking of the bread and the drinking of the wine. I will have to condense and paraphrase: -

Communion I: Remember Me
II Cor. 11:17-24

"The Lord Jesus, on the night in which he was betrayed took bread..." That is where we usually begin our Scriptural introduction to the Lord's Supper, and it is a good place to begin. It is liturgically proper. And it's considerably more pious than the way Paul the missionary handled it in his letter to the Corinthians.

But sometimes we could do with less sentimental piety and more honest, Pauline bluntness at communion. Back up a paragraph and look at what Paul wrote before he began to talk about the breaking of the bread and the drinking of the wine. I will have to condense and paraphrase:

→ "... when you come together for this Supper," he says it is not for the better but for the worse. In the first place, I hear that there are divisions among you. And some of you come drunk, and others go away hungry because you don't share your food with them. When you act like that, then this is not the Lord's Supper that you eat. It is a profaning of the body and blood of Christ." (II Cor. 11:17-22)

Now not many of us in ~~Miller Chapel~~ ^{at the Lord's Supper} come drunk, and not many of us consciously discriminate against the poor. But there are divisions among us. And we have our self-indulgences. And most Americans are more humiliatingly indifferent to the poor than we like to admit.

Nevertheless, it is not our sins about which the Supper centers. We don't judge ourselves, Paul says in this same passage, the Lord judges and when he judges he chastens "so that we may not be condemned". (I Cor. 11:32)

Nor do we come ~~here~~ to denounce the sins of others--those drunks, those guilty rich, those oppressors. Self-righteous indignation is a sin, too, and as false a focus to the Supper as any other sin.

Then what is the focus here. Why come to the table, if not to forgive and be forgiven? Jesus told us why. We come to remember. "This do in remembrance.." And what we are to remember is not our sins, and not the sins of others against us. We are to remember Jesus. "This do in remembrance of me."

My mind goes back to the most moving communion service I have ever been in. It was not long after I had returned to Korea in 1955, just after the Korea War. It was in a little village down the Han River below Seoul, at a point where the United Nations forces that stormed ashore in the Inchon landings had to cross the river in order to reach the capital. It was held by North Korean communists; it had to be taken. So the big guns were wheeled into place. I am told that if a whole battery of guns is trained on a target and fired simultaneously by a timed mechanism, the percussive effect is much greater than when the same number of shells are dropped one by one on a target. And this is how they had to take Haengju, that little village. The heavy guns were swung around in grim unison, and the electrical timers pushed off the shells in one great blinding blast that virtually wiped the little village off the hill. There had been 70 Christian homes there. 67 of them were completely destroyed.

A L

St. Paul rightly says, "Let a man examine himself, and so eat of the bread and drink of the cup. For any one who eats and drinks without discerning the body eats and drinks judgment upon himself." (I Cr. 11:28)

Dr. John Jansen, in his little book, "Guests of God", says we must always ask ourselves the question of the disciples at that first communion service "Lord, is it I". "Which of you will betray me," the Lord asks; and each disciple, suddenly anxious asks, "Lord, is it I." No man can be sure of himself, as he comes to this Supper. "In John's account," says Dr. Jansen, "Jesus rises from table and begins to wash the disciples' feet, saying, 'You are clean, but not all of you.' In her play The King's Supper, Dorothy Sayers has Peter whisper to John, 'John, why does he say that we are not all clean?' And John whispers back, 'I don't know, Peter, but when I look into my heart, I find it full of unswept, dusty corners.'"

Yes, no man can be sure of himself at the Lord's Supper, but that is not what we are gathered here to remember. We are to remember Him, and we can be sure of Him. For here we remember that he knows us even better than we know ourselves, and loves us anyway. "On the same night on which he was betrayed, the Lord Jesus took bread, and gave it to his disciples, saying, "This is my body, which is broken for you." The center of this service is not our sin, but the sacrifice He made to conquer sin; and we are to remember Him.

This is what we remember: "And when they came unto the place which is called the skull, there they crucified him... And Jesus said, Father forgive them; for they know not what they do... And there was darkness over the whole land. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me? And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father into thy hands I commend my spirit; and having said this, he gave up the ghost... And when the centurion which stood over against him saw that he so gave up the ghost, he said, Truly this man was the Son of God... And all the multitude that came together to this sight, when they beheld the things that were done, returned, smiting their breasts. And all his acquaintance, and the women that followed with him from Galilee stood afar off, seeing these things." (Lk. 23. 33 49 parson)

Like those women we are standing afar off, standing across the centuries, but like them also we see these things, --recalled for us now by the bread, his broken body, and the wine, the blood that was shed for us. And this takes all the emptiness away and focusses our minds and hearts on that great central act of God in history for man: the death of our Lord for sin. This is the purpose of the sacrament: it focusses us, heart, soul and mind in Christ. "This do in remembrance of me."

Add 1 to 24, 25, 26
2 132 - 6 4 1 1 1 for the 1 2 3 4

But we are called to do more than remember - this good Friday and every Good Friday.

Now, only two years after the end of the war, another American had come there to celebrate communion. I thought of the memories that must be racing through their minds. There was an intensity of feeling in the room which I had not felt in communion services back here. Some were weeping openly. For their dead, I thought, and their lost homes. I wondered if some might secretly be resentful of the presence of an American. American guns had destroyed them.

But I found no bitterness in their hearts at all, ^{as I spoke to their hearts} And it was not the memory of their own suffering and destruction and death that moved them so. They were doing precisely what this text of ours commands, what Jesus asked. They were remembering--not how they had suffered, nor who had made them suffer, but how Jesus had suffered for them. And in that remembering, they found peace and purpose, even as they wept. To the Christians of Haengju, communion meant neither sorrow for sin, though that is part of it, nor possession of forgiveness, though that, too, is part of it. After every communion service, their practice was to go out and tell others what they remembered. How Jesus had died for them on the cross. ~~The Lord's Supper is first for remembering, and then for a witness. So come and taste, and go and tell.~~ "This do in remembrance of me".

For as often as you eat the bread and drink this cup
you do show forth the Lord's death till He come

And that brings us to the Cross. And that is
what we are to remember. And that is

"Come for Me"

service its lasting effectiveness "This do". Jesus said nothing about what the elements do. Do they change? Do they merely symbolize? That's what splits churches. Arguments about the element. This is the real body. As this is a symbol of the Body of Christ. It's not the elements, really, that count. I once heard a missionary say that at the most meaningful and holy communion he ever attended, a hunk of coarse bread and a kind of barley water served in a battered tin cup were the only elements. No wine - no grape juice. But there was communion. Jesus was not concerned about the elements, and what they do. He is concerned about us and what we do. "This do..."

I We are called to do more than remember
 Here ^{or where I call to mind} ~~remember~~ a Sunday morning behind the bamboo curtain and ^{one of my last Sunday services} my last communion service in Communist China. It was a small congregation. A good part of the membership had fled in terror when the communists took the city. There was a Communist soldier sitting in one of the pews, watching, his mustard-colored uniform conspicuous against the faded blue clothes of the congregation. The pastor's brother-in-law was in jail. The people knew they were worshipping in church at some risk. But here they were, gathered for [worship?] communion, still faithful but a little fearful, not knowing what darkness the future held for them.

I didn't expect to see any students from the girls' school next door that Sunday. They usually attended. But they had been freely warned not to. But suddenly the door at the back opened, and a file of them came in. They came to take communion, and one of them came to be baptized, for she had only recently come to know Jesus Christ as her Saviour through the witness of her fellow students.

Not long after that service I was arrested and found guilty and deported from China. I don't know what happened to that congregation, or the pastor who was so concerned about what would happen to his twelve children in the years ahead, or to the girls, who obeying their new friend and Saviour, Jesus Christ, came forward that day to acknowledge him publicly as Lord, ~~to~~ and to join his people openly in the service of the Lord's Supper.

I don't know what happened to them during the 10 or 12 terrible years of the Cultural Revolution when the Red Guards tore pastors from their families, and burned churches and closed every single church in China for a time. Those were the years of persecution and suffering. Having come to the cross to follow Jesus - they took up whatever cross he gave them, and obeyed and followed him. [I don't know how the Chinese Christians preserved the fellowship and community of God. ~~but I know that they did.~~ How were they ever able to observe the Lord's Supper? But they did.]

They had no Bibles, no hymn books.

No I don't know what happened to them. All I know is this. 30 years later what that revolution splattered to an ignoble end, and Mao died, and the gates were opened, and some liberties were restored - the Lord victoriously honored those who had come to the cross, and endured the years of suffering. And to the shocked surprise of those atheistic leaders of brutal revolution - after 30 years of persecution - ^{Christians} instead of disappearing, had grownly worshipped and

The table to the world

And in that promise the Christians have found their peace and their mission. A whole continent still waiting for the good news.

Have we forgotten that Paul's rebuke to those who come to the table unworthily - who eat and drink, who have but do not share. They say that 88 out of every 100 people in the United States call themselves Christians - they may not act it, but they think they have it. Statistics like that lull us into thinking our mission is done. But North America is only 6% of the population of the world. We're the 6% that have - how well do we share. By contrast, Haengji is in Asia - 60% of the people in the world live in Asia, - only 3% of Asia calls itself Christian. When the Christians of Haengji come out of church after communion - they weep no more. They have a purpose -

But the need! Evangelistically -

28 countries closed to missionaries.

3 great unchecked blocks:	Chinese	1 billion	} All in Asia
	Muslims	763 million	
	Hindus	610 million	

By contrast USA has only 220 million people. And N. America is only 6% of the world's population. Asia is 60%.
 More num-ns today than 50 yrs ago when father —

And the Lord, in his commissioning of the disciples did not speak in philosophical terms, ~~about "sowing seeds"~~ he talked about "feeding sheep."



Lat America	8% population -	94% dx
N. America	6% "	58%
Europe	17%	67%
Africa	10%	45%
Asia	60%	3%

GOOD FRIDAY MEDITATION

The Word of Human Care
John 19:25-27

The third word from the cross is "the word of human care." Hear it now as it is written in the Gospel according to St. John 19: 25-27"

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

This is the tenderest and most appealing moment of all in those hard last hours of Jesus' life on earth. Humanly speaking, this is how we would most like to remember him. This is the gospel of love--a son caring for his mother. This is the word of human care.

It is tempting to rest here, to stop the agony, to forget a Saviour dying for the world, and to see only a good man, a Son who loves his mother. How easily we oversimplify the gospel.

Our Lord fits into no such easy pigeon-holes. When you read this account, don't forget an earlier scene, in Galilee. Jesus is surrounded by pressing crowds. A messenger breaks through. "Your mother and your brothers are without. They wish to speak with you." But, as Matthew writes, "He answered and said unto them, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?" (Matt. 12:46). And he refuses to see them.

This is the same Jesus who now even in the midst of the agony of the cross takes thought to provide for the future of the mother he is about to leave behind. There is no real inconsistency in the two incidents. The contrast is simply the Bible's dramatic way of reminding us that Christian love has its priorities, and man's first love is due to God, not even to his own relatives. How much of Asia's bitter factionalism might be avoided if only this first lesson of the Christian faith could be learned.

But there is a second commandment: Love thy neighbor. And a third word from the cross: "Woman, behold thy son. Son, behold thy mother." After the first commandment comes the word of human care. And this too is the gospel.

It shines like a jewel in this dark chapter, all the brighter because of death's black shadows around it. The scene is desolate. Three crosses against the clouded sky. The soldiers, the crowds, the dying men, and the women weeping at the foot of the cross. Then through the darkness like a shaft from the sun shines the light of love--and like a foretaste of the Easter victory to come, perfect love casts out fear, and the scene is transformed.

I. There is first the love of the mother for her son. This is natural love.

This is the kind of love that sweetens all our human relationships and makes us better far than we are inclined by nature to be. This is what brought Mary to the cross, when the disciples fled. It was not safe for her to be there. Her son was a criminal, a rebel. But she was there, for she was his mother. Barclay say, "Jesus might be a criminal in the eyes of the law, but He was her son", and he quotes Kipling:

"If I were hanged on the highest hill, Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still, Mother o' mine, O.....

If I were drowned in the deepest sea, Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me, Mother o' mine, O.....

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!"

II. Second, there is the love of the son for the mother. This is love expressed, love without self-pity. Jesus sees his mother, and instantly he forgets his own pain, his imminent death, and directs all his thoughts to make proper provision for her care after his death. He sees John, his cousin, the beloved disciple, standing next to her. "Woman, behold thy son; Son, behold thy mother." "And a new family is brought into being at the foot of the cross." Many see in this new family a symbol of the birth of the Christian church, and I rather like the symbolism. The church is born in love, God's dying love for us, and its first outward expression is love, love for the poor, the helpless, the bereaved.

It proceeds from Christ's sacrifice on the cross, it is purchased by his blood, and the first demonstration of its faith is to provide a home, in love, for a widow. That is a picture of the Church of Christ as it ought to be. God's word in Christ always leads straight to "the word of human care".

III. And finally, there is in this third word from the cross, the love of God for man. Christ died for the whole world, but ~~one~~ of his last words is focussed on one woman. What a wonderfully human touch this is, relieving the high tragedy, the cosmic scope of the account of the death of the Son of God.

It is precisely at this point that one of the fatal flaws in communism becomes most apparent. It too is full of the words of human care, of concern for the oppressed and the exploited. But in its concern for the masses, it forgets the man, the individual. Its social concern has breadth, but no focus.

How different is the love of God which embraces the whole world and all the stars in space if they have life, but never loses focus. "His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me." So the Son of God looked down from the cross, and saw a weeping woman, and was not so busy saving the world that he could not find her a home.

Christian, if you love the Lord Jesus, be not so busy in your high calling, whatever it may be, that you forget the word of human care. It ends like this, "And from that hour, the disciple took her unto his own home." How open is your heart; how open is your home?

* In Bruce Marshall's novel "Satan and Cardinal Campbell" one of the characters says: "Two things can save the world: prayer and thought. But the trouble is that the people who think, don't pray; and the people who pray, don't think." (Quoted E.S. Brown, in New Deal, No 1) But the
L.E.N.

MAUNDY THURSDAY SERVICE

In the old, old calendar of the Christian church today is called Maundy Thursday. The word "Maundy" is an ~~old~~ ^{almost modern} form of the modern word, "mandate", which means "Command". It gets its name from the fact that it was on this Thursday evening, the evening of Jesus' Last Supper with his disciples, ^{that} he gave them a mandate, a command: "This do in remembrance of me". And that was the beginning of the sacrament of the Last's Supper.

That night, for the first time, Jesus' disciples gathered together around the table with the Lord, and broke bread, and drank of the cup, and had communion. And just as that was their first communion, tonight for some of you, this is your first communion.

May I say three things to you in particular, ^{who are coming to the Lord's table for the first time -} though ~~what I say~~ ^{what I say} will apply just as well to anyone who comes to communion, whether it is for the first time or not.

The three things are these; and they are very simple, as they should be:

1. Be prepared
2. Trust in God
3. And hold nothing back.

~~That sounds very simple, and it should be simple, but that doesn't make it easy.~~

~~For example.~~ Be prepared. It is as important for Christians as for scouts. But who is ever really prepared to meet God, which is what we are doing here, for the bread and the wine are symbols of the body of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and speak to us in a special way of his real presence. Who is ever really prepared for church membership. Are you really good enough to be part of the holy, catholic church, the body of Christ. No you are not, not in yourself. And if you feel good enough, and completely prepared and competent, you don't really belong here, for

look at the disciples - 3 yrs preparation with Jesus. And after communion, Jesus talks of them. "This very night all of you will turn away & leave"

Listen to the invitation to communion, which I will be reading when we begin the service. Does it say, "We're proud of you"? No, it says "We love you" "Dearly beloved". Does it say, "all that have finally discovered how to be good"? No, it says: "all that humbly put their trust in Christ, and desire His help that they may lead a holy life." Does it say, "all that are happy to find that they no longer need to worry about temptation"? No, it says: "All that are truly sorry for their sins and would be delivered from the burden of them.." these are the kind of people who "are invited and encouraged in His name to come to this Sacrament."

You've been through a few weeks of communicants' class, and have learned the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed and a few other things. ~~But you are not really prepared.~~ ^{when I say "Be prepared"} ~~No, your preparation~~ is just beginning, and it will never end. Spiritual preparation for the service and worship of God is hard work. You may not be able to work as hard at it as the great saints, as Chrysostom who read the epistle to the Romans every day of his life; or as St. Francis, who would stay up all night to read and to pray, but you will have to work at this business of being spiritually prepared to commune with God, and that takes discipline. When Mrs. M. and I were married, we discovered that she liked early devotions, I late. Result was irregularity, no effective devotional life. Not enough. ^{Thought & prayer.} ~~Every day take time to read your Bible. Every day take time to be alone with God in prayer. And you must be prepared.~~

L.E.N.

hear today are all too true. The betrayal of our Lord by a disciple did not stop with Judas. Whether by our own mistaken good intentions, or by our selfish greed, it is still a frighteningly easy thing to betray our Saviour Jesus Christ.

We all know what the results of the betrayal were. When Judas saw what he had done, he went out and hanged himself. That is what the betrayal did to him. ^{Still as if old man by himself, priced for 30 pieces of silver, sold himself, not st.} ^{His love had failed, and} He could no longer live with himself. But what did betrayal do to the one he betrayed? What happened to the love that was rejected?

I had a classmate in seminary who was given a little taste of the shock of what it means to discover a man you trust is not worthy of that trust. It was his neighbor--a nice man, always friendly, always good to the children on the street. He had known and liked him for years. But one night police closed in on the house next door and arrested this neighbor as the leader of a whole gang of ^{not a man} ~~criminals~~ ^{conf. base man.}. Not even the wife had suspected anything wrong. Why, for a while, my classmate wondered if he could trust anybody!

But the shock and hurt to Jesus was much nearer and much greater. Judas was more than a neighbor. He was a friend and disciple, one of the 12 men in all the world on whom Jesus depended most completely. Jesus knew his weakness, but all the disciples had weaknesses, and clear up to the end, I think, Jesus worked and prayed to save Judas. On the last night, on the eve of betrayal, with one final gesture Jesus tried to win him back into the path of love and service. He knelt and washed the feet of the man who was going to betray him. But the love of our Lord was rejected, and Judas went out into the night, and in a garden he sold his Lord with a kiss, the sign of love.

Did Jesus still love Judas? Of course, he had said, "Love your enemies." But that is not the same as loving a traitor, is it? A traitor is much, much worse than an enemy. ~~xtai~~ An enemy can be gallant and generous and forgiving. Why, we can even make heroes out of our enemies, and we soon forget what made them enemies. ^{Since you} wife is a Southerner, and I am a Northerner. 90 years ago our grandfathers were fighting each other. But one of my heroes is Robert E. Lee, the Southern general; and one of hers is Abraham Lincoln. ^{we can fight enemies} But we don't do that to traitors. That is different. Do you remember in ^{China} ~~our~~ history Chin Gwei who betrayed the great general Ywe Fei? That was 700 years ago, but do you think he has been forgiven. Ah no. Outside of Hangchow there is a temple to Ywe Fei, and just inside the door is a statue of Chin Gwei, the man who betrayed him. To this day, they say, the people who enter the temple will stop and kick or spit at the statue of the traitor. "Love your enemies", perhaps, but ~~that is the way we treat~~ traitors? ^{Kick them. Spit at them.}

Is that the way Jesus treated Judas. Did the shock of the betrayal cut off his love? No, says Matthew, for Jesus' first word to Judas ~~was~~ even after the shock of that betraying kiss was, "Friend". He said, "Friend, do that for which you came." The love of Jesus was a love that did not fail.

All other love seems to have failed that day. Judas betrayed him. Peter denied him. The disciples forsook him and fled. The whole world was against him. But no, there were some who did not fail. I am glad that this is a women's college, and that I can say here that the women, at least, did not betray him. Stalker says "There is no instance in the Gospels of a woman being an enemy of Jesus". That's a remarkable thing. "No woman deserted or betrayed, persecuted or opposed Him."

When the whole world was against him, when his friends forsook him, and a disciple betrayed him, the women were not afraid to stand by him, and "the daughters of Jerusalem", the gospel says, came to mourn and comfort him as he stumbled to his death. Will you who take your stand with Jesus here be able to keep that record unstained?

It is a very old and very beautiful book, and it is
very well bound. It is a very good one - but it is not
the best of the kind. It is a very good one - but it is not
the best of the kind.

Judas

Reproach - Judas the only Judean (southern), with 11 Galileans (Northern).
Judeans had a tendency to look down on Galileans

Punished - Dante - Vision of Hell - arrives at last in bottom of pit.
basest of all sins. Lake not of fire, but of ice. Spins of traitors
fired in painful poses - In center, "the emperor who swears
the realm of ice", Satan. Next, Judas. In mouth of Satan,
turn to bite by his teeth.

→ More profit from the attempt made to rehabilitate Judas; excuse him
John 12: 4-6. Judas Iscariot - sell + give to poor.
Knew + made claim - "If there was held any held for this, is give
me to poor it will be much more to their credit."
"I've heard a similar remark before," said minister gravely.
"Indeed + by whom."
Judas Iscariot:

1) Reproval really
2) Patriotic
3) Greed - "Lord I will follow thee... but I will follow thee..."
"Lord I will follow thee... but I will follow thee..."

How much money does it take to seduce a man? J.D. Rockefeller. 'Just a little more'

"Still as gold
Man by himself is priced;
In 30 pieces Judas sold
Himself, not Christ."

But at the very moment you ^{say you} stood with
the women - "I will never betray Him -
beware lest you fall."

It was Judas, some say, who said,
"Lord, I will follow thee, whithersoever thou goest." He
meant it, too - until He saw that Jesus was going to the
cross. Then he betrayed Him.

There is no ~~really~~ middle ground, really. Either you
follow him straight through to the cross - by looking out as you betray him
you say, I have not betrayed him - I'm not so sure. As I look at you I can see the price +
silence. But when is the cross.

8th Cavalry Organization Day
3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3

File No. 9-49-41

After the awards presentation, everyone retired to the gym to watch the 1st Btl. Gp., 8th Cavalry, basketball team trounce 7th Cavalry's team, 70-49, to complete a nearly perfect day.

MILLER CHAPEL

GOOD FRIDAY

April 20, 1984

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

"My Heart is Filled With Longing"

J. S. Bach

CALL TO WORSHIP

Leader: We glory in your cross, O Lord,
People: AND PRAISE AND GLORIFY YOUR RESURRECTION VICTORY; FOR BY VIRTUE OF YOUR CROSS JOY HAS COME TO THE WHOLE WORLD.
Leader: May God be merciful to us and bless us, shed the light of his countenance on us, and come to us.
People: WE GLORY IN YOUR CROSS, O LORD, AND PRAISE AND GLORIFY YOUR RESURRECTION, FOR BY VIRTUE OF YOUR CROSS JOY HAS COME TO THE WHOLE WORLD.

HYMN 635 (WB)

"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"

Hamburg

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

Why are we here. Those who have no sin have no need of this day or this service. But the Scriptures say, "Those who say they have no sin"
O God, you have sent your son Jesus to us, so that we may know the truth that sets us free. In him we know the way, the truth and the life. We confess before you that we have not always followed that way, lived in his truth, or accepted the life he offers to us. Having eyes, we preferred not to see, having ears, we pretended not to hear. Forgive us, O God, for our self-deception. Open to us the indwelling of your Spirit, that your truth may take possession of us; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Leader: We will glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.
People: IN WHOM IS OUR SALVATION, OUR LIFE, AND RESURRECTION.
Leader: Let us pray.

At each station of the cross the following will be the order of service:

Leader: We adore you O Christ and we bless you.
People: *Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.*

PRAYERAmen.

People: HOLY GOD, HOLY AND MIGHTY, HOLY IMMORTAL ONE, HAVE MERCY UPON US.

STATION 1 Jesus is condemned to death

STATION 2 Jesus takes up his cross

HYMN "Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow"
(Stanza 1--see separate sheet)

Charlestown

STATION 3 The cross is laid on Simon of Cyrene

Good Friday

STATION 4 Jesus meets the women of Jerusalem

HYMN "Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow"
 (*Stanza 2--see separate sheet*)

Charlestown

STATION 5 Jesus is stripped of his garments

STATION 6 Jesus is nailed to the cross

HYMN "Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow"
 (*Stanza 3--see separate sheet*)

Charlestown

STATION 7 Jesus dies on the cross

STATION 8 Jesus is laid in the tomb

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN 194 (HB)

"O Sacred Head, Now Wounded"

Passion Chorale

BENEDICTION

(The people are asked to leave in silence or remain for a period of meditation if desired.)

Howard W. Boswell, Jr., M.Div.Sr., Co-leader
Deborah G. Brincivalli, M.Div.Mid., Co-leader

David A. Weadon
Director of Music and Organist

Some elements in the service are from Abbe Michel Quoist's book entitled Prayers, New York Avon Books, 1975.

CONCERNING THE SERVICE: The devotion known as the Way of the Cross is an adaption to local usage of a custom widely observed by pilgrims to Jerusalem: the offering of prayer at a series of places in that city traditionally associated with our Lord's passion and death.

The number of stations, which at first varied widely, finally became fixed as fourteen. Of these, eight are based directly on events recorded in the Gospels. The remaining six (numbers 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, and 13 in the original numbering) are based on inferences from the Gospel account or from pious legend. These six stations have been omitted from today's service, and the stations used today renumbered in consecutive order.

Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow

CHARLESTOWN 87.87.

STEPHEN JENKS, *American Compiler of Sacred Harmony, No. 1, 1803*

WILLIAM J. SPARROW-SIMPSON, 1860-1952

Harm. by C. R. Y.

Unison

1. Cross of Je - sus, cross of sor - row, Where the
2. Here the King of all the a - ges, Throned in
3. O mys - te - rious con - de - scend - ing! O a -

blood of Christ was shed, Per - feet man on thee did
light ere worlds could be, Robed in mor - tal flesh is
ban - don - ment sub - lime! Ver - y God him - self is

suf - fer, Per - feet God on thee has bled!
dy - ing, Cru - ei - fied by sin for me.
bear - ing All the suf - fer - ings of time! A - men.

Harmonization copyright 1965 by Abingdon Press, used by permission 4/17/84.

Zoster 1957 Uijongbu NCO.
1960 Camp Casey "2 Stones"
1964 Munson, 1st Cav. "2 Stones"
1966 Seoul Union Ch life Demeds Faith
1972 Camp Henry "He Is There". (Camp)
1974 8th Army Band "J.X. Hope of World"
1981 Tuzen - 2 Stones
life Demeds Faith



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and mission

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VIA AIR MAIL

Dr. Moffett

(1)

WHAT EVERYBODY OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT EASTER
Matt. 28:1-15

"But the angel said to the women.. 'He is not here; for he has risen, as he said... And the chief priests..gave a sum of money to the soldiers, and said 'Tell people his disciples came by night and stole him away while we were asleep.. Now the eleven disciples went to Galilee, to the mountain to which Jesus had directed them... And Jesus came and said to them, 'All authority in heaven and earth has been given to me. Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptising them,..[and] teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age.'"

I don't know why we Christians feel called upon every Easter to prove all over again that Jesus rose from the dead. Of course that is what Easter is all about, but why do we think we have to prove it? Perhaps it's because the resurrection is a miracle, one of the two greatest miracles of our faith-- resurrection and incarnation--and we are tough-minded, twentieth century realists who feel a little uncomfortable with the word "miracle". We want the cold facts ("Just the facts, ma'am"), no hazy speculations, no ancient myths, no "new age" superstitions. The problem for Christians is that there's no way to prove a miracle. But the non-Christian has a problem, too. There is no way to disprove a miracle either. You either believe it or you don't.

So the first thing the Christian says on Easter morning is simply, "He is risen!". We don't prove it. We simply proclaim it, and we say it over and over again every year because we believe it. To Christians it is the greatest single fact of history, this incredible piece of good news that can turn-around a whole year of bad news with that one little piece of good news, so that no matter how much it rains on Easter, no matter how badly life seems to be treating us at any particular time, we can stand up and look around at present distress or future fears, and say with Adoniram Judson, "The future is as bright as the promises of God." "For Christ is risen. He is risen indeed".

There are three things I want to say about the

resurrection of Jesus Christ this morning:

- It is: 1. a great fact in the past.
- 2 a great power in the present.
- 3. a great hope for the future.

I. Let me begin with the past. Something happened in Jerusalem almost 2000 years ago, which people are still talking about today. Try to put yourself back there, for a moment. It is about the year 30 AD, and a man named Jesus has just died in Roman occupied Judaea. Some said he was executed by the Romans for revolutionary activity. Some said, "No, it was the Jewish hierarchy's fault. Those religious bureaucrats were so afraid he was splitting their people apart and starting ^{up some} a crazy religious fringe-group cult of his own, that they turned him over to the Romans." Some said, "No, he was a magician and a showman, and just got too popular with the common people. That's dangerous," they said. "You can't trust those lower classes."

At any rate, whatever they thought about him then, now he was dead, and a good many people breathed more easily. But strange rumors began buzzing about the city. Two completely contradictory reports were circulating about that controversial man's death. You could believe either one. You could believe the Roman guards who had been watching the man's tomb. Or you could believe that strangely happy little group of the disciples of the dead man who were telling everyone with absolute conviction an utterly absurd story that the man from Nazareth whom Pilate had crucified had just come back to life.

At first, it ^{seemed} was a lot easier to believe the Roman soldiers. They were the ones who should know. They had been stationed around the tomb. They said that they had been put there to guard it, and then somehow the body had been stolen, while they were asleep. It sounded plausible. Things like that do happen sometimes, I suppose. But wait! If we had actually been there, ^{stare closely} wouldn't it begin to sound ^{a bit} queer, the more we thought about what the guards were saying?.

In the first place, why was there a guard around the tomb? That's a senseless, ghostly business: guarding a dead man!

Did they really think he was going to come to life, break out of the tomb, and have to be crucified all over again? Is that what they were there for, to keep him dead? Or did they think, before whatever happened actually happened, that the disciples were going to steal his body, ^{and} rob the grave? In that case, why were they asleep? What kind of a cock-and-bull story was this they were telling? Since when had Romans begun to sleep on guard duty! The penalty for that was death. If they had gone to sleep that was the last thing they would be talking about. Yet here they were not only walking about scot-free but spreading a story which, if true, would mean their own execution. Nothing they said made sense. Had I been there, I think I would have suspected that they were lying, just by the nervous look in their eyes. The more they talked, the deeper they were digging their own graves. And perhaps they were beginning to realize this.

It was different with the disciples. What they were saying was strange, all right, very strange. They were saying that their master had been raised from the dead. But at least they believed it. You could tell by the way they were acting. Three days ago on Thursday, when Jesus was arrested, they had been scared to within an inch of their lives. Two days ago, on Friday they had been hiding. Some of them had left town, swearing they had never even known the dead man. Now, just a few days later they were absolutely fearless. They were challenging the whole world to believe their story. "We not only knew him; we know him now. We've seen him." "He is risen; he is risen from the dead".

It took something more than a lie to make that kind of a change so suddenly in those disillu^{ed}ioned, defeated men and women who had been following Jesus. ^{the} Something very real had happened.

So there they were, the two stories: one from the worried soldiers, and one from the transformed disciples. The world has been making its choice between the two stories ever since. Some believe in the resurrection; some don't. The evidence, though, is ~~all~~ on the side of the disciples. Just because a fact cannot be proved, does not make it a non-fact. I can't prove I love Eileen; but no one in this world is ever going to prove to me that I don't

love her. And it shows! So also with the resurrection of Jesus Christ. It shows. It showed so clearly in the lives and on the faces of the disciples that the first time they publicly preached the resurrection 3000 people believed and were converted. It is indeed a great, great fact. A believable fact. Christ is risen!

But it is more. More than a fact in the past.

II. The resurrection is power for today. The Christian faith has two great symbols: a cross and an empty tomb. The cross is a symbol of tragedy and death. I notice that at some churches at the Good Friday service when we remember Christ's death, they shroud the cross at the altar in black cloth. That's the color for death, the death of the Son of God for our sins. But Easter's color is not black. The colors of Easter are purple and gold, and all the shimmering colors of the rainbow, ^{As the} the rainbow, ~~that first symbol~~ of God's promise of hope for life after the Flood, ^{so} and the empty tomb, ~~our hope in his~~ promise of life forever. Easter is not death, but victory.

~~Christ is risen, and that~~ means life not death. It means power, not fear. Look at the disciples, cowering in alleys one day, marching out the next to turn the whole world upside down with hope. The difference was not the cross; the difference was the empty tomb. The difference was power, the power of the resurrection. We sometimes think of that power as power only over death. The truth is greater and stronger than that; it is the power of His Life, for our daily, troubled lives. He is alive. He is here. "All authority [all power] is given unto me, and lo I am with you always, even to the end of time".

The world cannot bury him. Earth is not deep enough; Hell is not strong enough. All power is His. I wince a little when I see how we have almost trivialized Easter with little Easter bunnies, cute, cuddly and completely tame, ^{and} safe and powerless. Some are even sweet, made of chocolate so you can keep them in the refrigerator. They won't melt, and they'll never break out of the refrigerator. But we are talking here about power to break out of anything: out of a depression, out of a dependence, ^{we are} ~~even-even~~ the

power that is greater than death. Easter isn't a child's game. It is resurrection power. It's stirs with an electric people changing power, a world changing power, a power that never dies.

III. That makes it more than a great fact in the past, or a fact in the present. Easter also points to another great fact: the resurrection is our only permanent hope for the future.

It was on an Easter Sunday in April a hundred and five years ago, in 1885, that two men stepped ashore in Korea, the land where I was born. They were missionaries. But Korea was then a virtually closed land for Christian missionaries, with little hope for the future. But those two men were the first Protestant clergymen ever to settle permanently in that forbidden land, and it was Easter, and for Christians who know what Easter means, no land is ever closed to God, and nothing is ever hopeless. There were no Protestant churches, no baptized Protestant Koreans, and it was forbidden to preach a foreign religion in public anywhere in the land. But it was Easter, and this was the prayer one of them prayed that day, as he stepped ashore:

"We came on Easter. May He who on [this] day burst asunder the bars of death, break the bonds that bind the people and bring them to the light and liberty of God's children."

Today when I think of Easter power, the resurrection power that is ours in Jesus Christ, I think of what that power did for Korea. Look at Korea then--a few hidden, frightened Roman Catholics who had survived the great persecutions; and no Korean Protestants at all. Today, in the free South there are literally millions of Christians, and so many churches that in every village and town and city one is rarely out of sight of a Christian church. In one Korean city alone, the capital city, Seoul, there are about 8,000 Protestant churches. All day today those churches will be crowded with thousands of Koreans who will echo the prayer of those first missionaries, and will bear their triumphant witness to our Easter hope.

The Easter fact they shout aloud today is that anyone-- man or woman, boy or girl, American, Asian, African or Hispanic--

5

anyone who trusts in Jesus, need not be afraid, not even of death. For that is the fact, and the power and the hope of Easter. "I am the resurrection and the life. Anyone who believes in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And anyone who lives and believes in me shall never die".

-- Samuel Hugh Moffett

He is Risen.

Christ is risen, and that means ^{life} ~~power~~,
 not death, ^{it means power, not fear} Look at the disciples: cow-
 ering in alleys one day, marching out the
 next to turn the world upside down. The
 difference was ^{that the cross, the difference was} the empty tomb. The dif-
 ference was power, the power of the Risen
^{We should never think of this as power only over death. It's power over life, when}
 Lord. He is alive. He is here. The
 world cannot bury him; earth is not deep
 enough; hell is not strong enough. He
 has the power, and His power is ^{available for us} ~~our power~~
~~Resurrection is power.~~ I wince a little
 when I see how today we have almost
 spoiled Easter with little bunny eggs. ^{Nothing}
 That's not what Easter means; it means
 world-changing, people-cleansing power.
^{We shall not be able to... (the trumpet) will sound, and the blood will}
 rise ^{inwardly} ~~inwardly~~. It means even more. It means
^{read: pray: when you need it.}
 hope. It was on Easter Sunday, April 5,
 1835 that two men stepped ashore at Inchon
 in what was then a virtually closed land,
 with little hope for the future. But those
 2 men were the first Prot. clergy to enter
 that land, and on Easter nothing is
 hopeless, ^{not with the burden, expected that who pray, as if you had} Appenzeller wrote: "We came
 on Easter. May He who on that day burst
 asunder the bars of death, break the bonds
 that bind the people, and bring them to
 the light and liberty of God's children."
 Today ^{I herald this one} the hundreds of thousands gathering
 all over this land bear triumphant witness
 to how God answered that prayer of hope.
 For ~~since~~ ^{and} Christ has risen there is always
^{Even in the valley of the shadow of death.} hope. ^{of tomorrow} Even at the end. For the man who
 really trusts in Xt. there is nothing left
 to fear, not even death!"

Pastor No. "Alive or dead I am J's man" This is the fact the
 power of the hope of Easter is... "I am the resurrection & the life. He that
 believeth in me tho he were dead yet shall he live. And he that liveth & believeth
 in me shall never die."

but
 why?
 rise
 inwardly
 read: pray:
 when you
 need it.

EASTER

LIFE DEMANDS FAITH

I Cor. 15:14

I sometimes wonder why this tough-minded 20th century of ours makes so much of Easter. It doesn't like miracles. It only tolerates faith. But it simply loves Easter. And there it betrays, I am afraid, that beneath all its surface toughness lie thick layers of sentiment. I wish it meant more. I wish it meant a recovery of true faith. But the truth of the matter is that our generation likes Easter better than it likes the resurrection, which is another example of what Trueblood calls the "cut-flower" character of our culture. We throw away the roots, but hope somehow the flowers will stay alive.

Paul had no such illusions. "If Christ be not risen," he said flatly, "then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain." He wasn't arguing about the resurrection. He didn't have to. The Corinthian church had no doubt about it. He was just reasoning from the known fact of the resurrection to assure them that their own personal hope of eternal life was promised and guaranteed by our Lord's victory over death.

But the modern world is different. It shrugs the whole thing off-- resurrection, preaching, faith and all. Christ is not risen; God is dead; preaching is vain, and so is faith. Faith? "It makes no difference what you believe, it's how you live that counts." Most people really think so. It is the popular, practical modern approach. But is it true? The Christian says, No. Easter is our reminder that the Christian still stands with Paul, and says as flatly as the Apostle: (1) Life demands faith; (2) Faith demands the resurrection; (3) And it is the resurrection that gives us hope both in this life and in the next.

Life demands Faith.

I. The starting point is faith. Without it we spend our time on Easter morning talking embarrassingly about the bees and the flowers and new life in the little buds, hoping that no one will be rude enough to ask whether Jesus really did rise from the dead, or if we, not the little buds, have life after death. The answer to such questions takes faith, but ~~are~~ we ready for faith in this age of doubt? I think we are. I think there are signs that the world is recognizing once again that life does demand faith. It is beginning to see, parts of it at least, that a world without faith is a world of moral chaos and *sadness* human despair.

When the world threw away faith, it discovered to its surprise and dismay that the first casualty was moral order. It didn't see this at first. When one of the sons of the great scientist Huxley died, his old friend Charles Kingsley ~~frankly and~~ affectionately wrote him a letter on immortality and the gospel. Huxley replied:

"My Dear Kingsley--I cannot sufficiently thank you...for all the hearty sympathy...(but) truth is better ~~than much profit~~...and if wife and child and name and fame were all to be lost to me one after another as the penalty, still I will not lie... I (can) neither deny nor affirm the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing in it... Kicked into the world, a boy without guide or training...few men have drunk deeper of all kinds of sin than I. Happily ~~my course was arrested in time~~...and for long years I have been slowly ~~climbing~~ towards better things. And when I look back, what do

and painfully

I find to have been the agents of my redemption? The hope of immortality..?
I can honestly say that for these fourteen years such a consideration has
not entered my head..." (Quoted by Zwemer, p. 99)

Huxley is typical of the pragmatic, technological world he helped to produce: "it's not what you believe, but how you live that counts." After all, Huxley lived a good moral life all the rest of his days even without faith, a life that puts some Christian lives to shame. So who needs faith? "I do," says Huxley's grandson in one of those twists of history that so often surprises the skeptic. Yes, Huxley ^{did} lived a good life, but the source of its integrity had been cut away at the roots, and it lasted just one generation. His son, Julian was a writer. Like his father, whom he admired, he gave up religion too. But Julian went farther. Thinking the thing through he came to the correct conclusion that if there is no truth to religion, then there is really no good reason for morality, and he threw that away too. ~~The standards were gone.~~

^{The standards were gone, and}
The pragmatist lies if he says it makes no difference what you believe, it's how you live that counts. How you live depends on what you believe, as Julian Huxley's life so clearly showed. [Jesus was right, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.."] And the next Huxley generation finally began to get the point. Aldous Huxley began as an agnostic like the rest, but there came a time when he had to look back and ask, "Why was I so insistent on a naturalistic explanation of everything?" "Because I wanted my freedom," he answered himself, "--especially my sexual freedom--and I knew that with a materialistic explanation of life I had it. Whereas once I admitted that the spiritual was present in life, I had to listen to something--someone beyond myself--who would put a curb a demand, upon me that I dared not face." (Quoted, Purnell Bailey) Agnosticism, you see, gave him license but not happiness. Faith may demand discipline, but it gives hope and joy. How you live depends on what you believe and the world lost its moral direction when it lost its faith.

^{it also lost its hope.}
The second casualty when we give up faith, is hope. A false faith may take its place for a while--faith in man--but the illusion of hope ^{that faith in man} gives soon fades away and leaves the world darker than before. Many a modern man, like the French existentialists, have discovered that once you have lost faith in God, it is only a matter of time before you lose your faith in man. The dilemma, as David Roberts points out (The Grandeur and Misery of Man, p. 44f.) is that if your confidence is in man, you have "to declare that the evils which man commits are not really his fault", and at the same time "cling to the hope that man can save himself". What a contradiction. "Mass social forces and his own endocrine glands" make man "the victim of evil rather than the doer of it", "And yet man--this same man--is thought to be capable of so directing his resources that eventually he will construct a just and stable civilization..."

^{When this faith fails, the result is despair.}
~~This is the dilemma that has driven too many of our thinkers to despair.~~
^{When} They have drifted too long down the river of unbelief, and when they came to the rapids, the dangerous rocks, they discovered too late that they had thrown away the anchor. They remind me of the Indian in a story that used to fascinate me as a boy. Coming back from a hunt on Lake Erie an Indian warrior falls asleep in his canoe. All unknowing he drifts into the rapids above Niagara. As the current draws him down he is awakened by a cry from the shore and springs to his feet. But a glance at the white spray of the falls ahead shows him that his doom is sealed. It is too late, and without a single cry or effort he resumes his seat, folds his arms, and ~~think~~ the stoicism of his race is hurled to his death. Hope had died out of the man.

This is a picture of the man who has lost faith in everything--lost faith in others and lost faith in himself because he has lost faith in God. Like the Indian he folds his arms, bows his head and watches with the courage of despair to see how the world will hurl itself to destruction. "The universe is a bad joke," says Sartre. "Life has neither meaning or purpose. Man's chief end is suicide."

It makes all the difference in the world what you believe. Life without faith is life without hope. And life demands faith, or it is not worth the living.

II. And right there the resurrection must come into the picture like sunshine into a dark world--into the very center of the picture, for the resurrection is the heart of the Christian faith. Life demands faith, yes, but faith demands the resurrection.

That is what Paul is saying in our text. Take the empty tomb out of Christianity, and the hope we Christians preach is only a great lie, the grand deception. Take the resurrection out of your faith and you have committed spiritual suicide. "If Christ be not risen from the dead...then is your faith vain."

Christian faith is not just any faith. There is another modern slogan as deceptively popular as "It makes no difference what you believe, it's how you live that counts." The second slogan is, "It makes no difference what you believe so long as you believe something." For psychology has rediscovered faith. It calls it the great morale builder. Life goes to pieces without it. Nations go to pieces without it. Hitler uses it to shore up faith in German destiny. Japan uses it to build up faith in Emperor and Empire. Faith, any kind of faith, has power, so use it and enjoy it and don't ask whether it is true or not.

Our text is a sharp warning against that sort of thinking. "If Christ be not risen..your faith is vain." Faith alone never made a thing true. Did Japanese faith in the Emperor make him a god? Will standing up in the canoe and believing he is safe keep the Indian from the waterfall. If it would, the thing for us to do would be to get off in our little corners and believe, just as hard as we can, that everything is all right--spring is here, birds are singing, everybody loves everybody, the world is just one big happy family... But is it?

Faith not founded on fact is as silly as that--a snare, a delusion, an opiate of the people. To believe in belief is a vicious circle. That is why the empty tomb is so important, as important as the cross. That is why ~~the~~ we Christians insist that Christ did rise from the dead. "I believe in Jesus Christ...the third day he rose again from the dead." It is a confession of faith, yes. But it is ^{also} a credible fact, with witnesses and evidences rooting and grounding it in reality as reasonably as any of the other beliefs by which we live. As faith gives hope to life, so the empty tomb gives ground for hope to faith.

Martin Luther used to say that when the devil came and tempted him with gloom and doubt and despair, he had one infallible way by which he could always drive him from the room. He would get up and go to the wall and take a piece of chalk and write, "Dominus vivit, vivit." The Lord lives; he is alive." "And the devil could never stand that," said Martin Luther.

"The Lord lives." And with the knowledge of that fact, hope and joy come surging in. Oh, what a difference it makes. It is like giving that Indian sitting hopeless in his canoe some hope of reaching shore. He'll no longer sit there head bowed, arms folded. Just give him a little hope, and he paddles ~~mad~~ like mad for the shore. He leaps into action. This is precisely what the resurrection did for the disciples, and is one of the best proofs of its reality. It found them weeping in an upper room. It sent them out to turn the whole world upside down.

That same power is here for us today. True, we are standing in the shadows, and men's hearts are failing them for fear. If we have no faith, the falls are just ahead. Life demands faith. But if we have only faith, and Christ is not risen from the dead, then is our faith vain and we might as well be dead. Faith demands the resurrection.

But Jesus Christ is risen today! How can we despair in a world where the love of God has triumphed? "If God be for us, who can be against us." How can we give up hope, when death is swallowed up in victory? The river falls down to the sea, but we stand on the rock, Christ Jesus. The light of the resurrection is in our souls, and with Luther we write large across the face of the dark years, "The Lord lives. He is alive."

Christ is risen. He is risen indeed.

EASTER

THERE'S STILL HOPE

I Cr. 15. 12-26

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There's Still Hope

A niece of mine, who ought to know because she had just graduated from college, once told me that there is no hope for the world any more. She had been reading ^{popular sci} ecology ^{and nuclear physics (hypocritical)}. And I must admit that when I look at the world these days, I really don't see ^{any} such hope. ^{any} sometimes. The human race is running out of heat, out of food, out of water, ^{besides} out of just about everything, in fact, but people. ^{A few years ago} we had the oil crisis. Tomorrow's ^{the} shortage may be more serious. [In twenty years, says one expert, not just the under-developed countries but even America will be running out of food, and we'll be going hungry then, ^{like} most of the rest of the world now. But still yet to come may be the worst shortage of all.] ^{Water}. The world's water table, its reserves of fresh water, are steadily and dangerously draining away. Already the deserts ^{are} eating again into the green earth. In North Africa alone, along the Sahara, ^{and} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{area} ^{of} ^{the} ^{desert} thirteen million people may die this year directly or indirectly as a result of the creeping drought.

what happened to the bright new world we thought we were ^{scientifically} building a generation or two ago? We have wasted the good earth the Lord has given us, polluted his clean air, fouled the streams and brooks so badly that fish turn belly up and die. Our cities are a stink and a disgrace. In Tokyo, authorities have begun to warn the Japanese people that if things go on as they are, in another twelve years they will be able to collect the garbage only once every three months. [Let me jolt you with one last deadly statistic: one half of all the children born into the world this year will never live to see their sixth birthday.]

Look at the world, ^{like this -} as it really is, - and you wonder how Christians can go on babbling about hope. [Shouldn't we be speaking rather in terms of absolute human despair, ^{like} ^{that} poem of Auden's:

The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
The desert sighs in the bed,
And the crack in the teacup opens
A lane to the land of the dead.]

I know that's - Gloomy thinking, ~~that~~. But isn't it more honestly realistic, ^{(people some-} times ask me,) ^{than} the Christian's ^{loving and} luminous hopes?

The answer is no. There is nothing unrealistic about hope. To ~~anyone~~ ^{those} who insist that my Christian hope is unrealistic I must simply say that the trouble is not with my hope but with ~~their~~ ^{their} reality. ^{their} ^{view} ^{is} ^{too} ^{small}. ^{their} ^{view} ^{is} ^{too} ^{restricted}. ^{They} ^{have} ^{missed} ^{most} ^{of} ^{what} ^{really} ^{is}. Obsessed with the gloomy present, ^{they} ^{have} ^{forgotten} ^{that} ^{there} ^{is} ^{more} ^{to} ^{time} ^{than} ^{the} ^{now}; there is also a past and a future. Mesmerized by the world and its predicament, ^{they} ^{have} ^{forgotten} ^{that} ^{there} ^{is} ^{also} ^{God}. ^{In} ^{his} ^{little} ^{creativity} ^{reality}-- a world without a past or a future or a God--of course there is no hope. ^{But} ^{our} ^{hope} ^{is} ^{not} ^{confined} ^{to} ^{any} ^{one} ^{point} ⁱⁿ ^{space} ^{or} ^{time}. We don't call off Easter when it rains. Our hope is tied to a person, Jesus Christ, and it is forever. "Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, today and forever". (Heb. L3:8)

If you think the world today is bad, look ^{at the past} back ^a ^{few} ^{years}. The darkest day the world has ever known ^{is} ^{not} ^{watergate} ^{or} ^{My} ^{Lai}, ^{and} ^{it} ^{wasn't} ^{the} ^{explosion} ^{of} ^{the} ^{atom} ^{bomb} ^{over} ^{Hiroshima}, ^{or} ^{the} ^{fall} ^{of} ^{Rome}. It was ^{before} ^{that}. It was ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{Roman} ^{period} years ago. It was the day Gentiles and Jews took the hope of the world, Jesus

EASTER

Christ, and stripped him and beat him and killed him on a cross. That day all hell broke loose, and for one agonizing instant, ^{moment} ~~an instant~~ never to be repeated, the whole human race was utterly and completely, God-forsakenly, lost. ^{When Jesus died} ~~The cry~~ from the cross, ~~was Jesus the Christ, the Second~~ ^{he spoke, as he 2^d} ~~Adam, speaking~~ for all mankind, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

But God took that most hopeless of all days and made it the hinge, not the end, of history, the opening door to hope. God is always doing the happily unexpected. Unlike human history, which ^{always} seems to turn out bad just when it begins to look good, God's salvation history is at its best when things look worst.

Look at the depressing story of man's hopes. It reads like a bad joke, one of those "That's good; no, that's bad" jokes. It goes like this... Centuries ago the Chinese discovered a new source of energy. That's good. No, that's bad. It was gunpowder, and gunpowder kills. Well, a few hundred years later the Americans ^{discovered} great quantities of a better source of energy, oil. That's good; oil doesn't kill. No, that's bad. It pollutes. It doesn't kill people, but it kills the world. Besides, we're running out of it. Well, then, how about this for good news: we have now discovered an even better source of energy, nuclear fission. That's good. No, that's bad, too. It kills people faster than gunpowder, and pollutes more lethally than oil.

Now, actually, there is nothing wrong with ^{these} man's discoveries. The more the better. Gunpowder, oil, atomic energy in themselves don't kill and pollute. There is nothing wrong with each new hope, as such.. except when those hopes are anchored to ^{human beings} ~~man~~, instead of to God. For man without God takes each new shining discovered hope and turns it into an engine of his own destruction. That is ~~man's~~ ^{our} curse. ~~Man's~~ ^{our} hope, on the other hand, lies in the fact that God does just the opposite. He takes the worst, and ~~uses it to save~~ ^{uses it to the best}.

On that first glad Easter morning, long ago, God took death, the ultimate instrument of ~~man's~~ ^{our} destruction, and used it for ~~man's~~ ^{our} salvation. He took death, and conquered it. He raised Jesus Christ from the dead, and the disciples saw a Risen Lord, and even doubting Thomas touched him and at last believed. This is what Easter is all about, and this is all that Easter is about. Not bunnies and easter eggs and wishful thinking and sentimental hopes; but Jesus Christ, ~~He who was~~ ^{he} dead ~~now~~ ^{but} lives. He rose again. And because of that, ~~great fact~~, we know that no matter how bad things look, ^{now} there is always hope. Resurrection hope. Christ gives us a future to ^{live} for, not just a present to die in. He was dead, but he lives, "and whosoever believes in him shall never die."

One of the most discouraging facts about the world today is that so many people have lost that hope, and with it have lost the will to live. They say that about 500,000 people, --half a million--will try to commit suicide in the United States in ⁱⁿ 1974, and the U.S. is not even in the top ~~ten~~ of the suicide countries. It ranks 17th. What is worse, people don't even seem to care any more. When the 500th suicide leaped off the Golden Gate Bridge ~~earlier this year~~, San Francisco newspapers asked their readers if the city shouldn't put up a better guard rail. Readers wrote in 7 to 1 against it. It would spoil the view! That reaction isn't as absurd as it sounds. If, as so many now think, life has neither hope nor purpose, why shouldn't a good view be worth as much as a human being. In

the new vocabulary of today we are told to call that "radically honest thinking". "Squirrel-cage thinking" is what I call it. ^{It sees people} ~~As~~ ^{as animals} caught in the endless wheel of a meaningless life, ^{with} death the only hope, the only escape.

I prefer the radical realism of the Christian faith. ^{The} Christians ~~don't~~ deny that the world has problems. ^{They face} ~~They~~ ^{meet} them unafraid because they know that the discouraging facts of today, real though they are, are no more real and no more painful than Christ's death on the cross, and ^{also - have its own hope - that we} ~~no more real and no less full of hope~~ than the fact of the empty tomb. Our hope rests confidently on what God did that first Easter, and what was done then can never be taken from us. ~~Our~~ Hope reaches into the past, carries us through the present, and on into God's glorious future. However this world may end--and let us not pretend to know more about that than we should (Jesus warned his disciples against too much curiosity about the future)--at least we know this much from God's word: it ends with Christ's victory ^{the human race} ~~for~~ and not with ~~the~~ ^{humanity's} annihilation of ~~itself~~. The end of the world is hope, and that is not an end at all. which is why the Scots sing the 110th Psalm ~~as an~~ ^{as an} Easter Psalm.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Hope is eternal.

But I must make one final point. When some Christians sing that great hymn, they manage to miss one of the key points about the Easter hope, namely, that hope carries with it a mission. It's not just a shelter from the stormy blast, a safe and future home. It is all that, yes, but more. If as Christians, all we have to say is, "Just endure a little longer, and you'll soon be out of this sad and stormy world, and into a better one"--if that is our gospel, it deserves all the scorn that the communists heap upon it with their caricature, "Pie in the sky by-and-by".

God sent hope into the world not by taking Christians out, but by sending Christ in. And He is still here. He lives. ^{As} Jesus is the hope of the world not simply because he calls us to glory. He is the hope of the world because he left that glory and became hungry with the hungry to feed them and weak with the sick to heal them, and condemned with the oppressed to overcome for them. He tells his disciples to do the same. ~~It was~~ the Risen Lord who said, "Feed my sheep".

It is a temptation, sometimes, to overspiritualize that phrase ~~of the Risen Lord~~, just as we sometimes overspiritualize Easter. ^{Easter. He set down} ~~It was~~ no ghost that Thomas touched. And it was not ^{just} ~~just~~ spiritual food, ^{to which he called the disciples} ~~which Christ fed his sheep~~. "To the poor," said Gandhi once, "God can only appear as bread and butter." But isn't that precisely how God did appear? He came in the flesh, and he said, "I am bread." True, he went on to explain to his disciples the spiritual truth that he is the bread of life, but it was not eternal life he divided ~~that day~~ among the multitudes ~~by Galilee~~. It was bread. Don't take the meat and the wheat out of the Christian hope at Easter. ^{At the very least, Easter}

If food is short, ^{Easter} Christians had better join the search for another miracle grain like the Philippino rice that raised production five times over. ^{And why should it be beneath a Christian to get out} ~~And why should it be beneath a Christian to get out~~

Or at the very least

and look for ~~oil~~. (One of God's forgotten miracles had to do with oil. Look up the miracle of the olive oil in II Kings 4. ~~If you are a soldier and there's no war, how about feeding the sheep? Helping~~ ~~it to be a part of the oil and the honey all that year, it's part of the Christian's Easter hope, and part of his Easter mission.~~ Easter, I think, is as good a time as any for Americans to ask ourselves whether it is quite right for a country with only 6% of the world's population to seize for ourselves 35% of the whole world's annual production. I have been told that if the rest of the world used up materials at the rate the United States does, we would devour in one year six times as much as the world could even produce in that year. If those that have too much would voluntarily reduce their over-inflated standard of living there just might be enough raw materials and energy to go around with everyone having a fair share. Christ rose from the dead, and He ~~said~~ ^{after breakfast} the Bible says ^{early breakfast!} He said, "Feed my sheep."

But let's not distort the Easter gospel the other way either. The greater dimensions of the Easter hope are eternal, not temporal. ^{Our hope is the hope of salvation,} ~~For the Christian church to settle for any lesser hope, whether by ^{our food, water, and oil} technological advance or by social action is a betrayal of the faith and no ultimate service to the human race.] Finding enough food and water ~~and oil~~, or even justice, to keep this world going, and to say that that is enough, is like throwing a life preserver to a man who has fallen overboard from an ocean liner, ^{and then} but not bothering to stop and pick him up. ^{Do life preservers} ~~may~~ keep him from drowning, but he will still die from the wind or the sun or the sharks. It is important to throw him ^{it to} ~~the life preserver~~ ^{of course}. That may be the only thing that keeps him alive to be rescued. But what finally counts is picking him up and taking him aboard.~~

One of the things I like best about the record of that first great Easter morning is that when Christ rose from the dead, he did not rise straight from the empty tomb into heaven. The ascension came later. ^{He would not be able to leave until he had picked up his disciples.} First, he went back for his disciples. He stopped to pick them up. He wanted Thomas, even doubting Thomas, to believe. Just as he wants us all to believe. For that is still the only way ~~to hope~~ in this weary, ^{worn} world to find real hope. "I am the resurrection and the life", says the Lord, "He that believes on me, even though he dies, yet shall he live. And whoever believes in me shall never die."

Prayer: O Lord our God, who makest the stars and turnest the shadows of death into the morning. We believe; help thou our unbelief, ~~that in faith~~ ^{we may} have the victory, ^{and} joy and gladness and light. Thru Jesus Xt. thine only Son our Risen Lord.

talking about the cheap and the costly.

She pricked our consciences when she said that divestment is not the first thing we should do. Confronting our own racism is. The second thing? Perhaps, she said to one zealous student, you should turn down the offer of a diamond from your husband-to-be, knowing where diamonds come from.

Or perhaps, said the economics professor, we should give up our personal money to set up a scholarship to bring a South African black to Maryville College to learn — and to teach us.

The second things went on, and we all squirmed.

Divestment may be a vital symbol and, collectively, a powerful force. But unless we go much, much deeper in our personal and corporate lives, aren't we living under "cheap grace" instead of "costly grace"?

RICHARD I. FERRIN
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Easter And 'Despair Chic'

These days, it is my privilege to live and work in a metropolitan region marked in no insignificant measure by a deeply ingrained cultural cynicism.

Not that Northeasterners hold exclusive rights to such cynicism. I didn't have to move to New York to be introduced to the word and its dark power. It only thrives here; it wasn't invented here. In no large measure, it comes with the territory of our time.

In such a day as this, our culture tends to traffic in despair and negativity and cynicism. Indeed, it was my particular generation — now in its 30s — that learned how to market it all so effectively as "despair chic."

While earlier generations gave us the fallout shelter, the literature of T.S. Eliot and e.e. cummings, the death-of-God movement, it was my own generation that turned it all into a strategy: the Lost Hope Diet and T-shirts that read "Life Stinks, And Then You Die."

So it is that, even in this season of Eastertide, it's often hard for many of us to find room for alleluias in the midst of such a world. However, at the risk of committing generational treason, I feel that I am up for some alleluias this year, and I thought that it might be worthwhile to explain why.

A while back, on a Saturday morning, I went with the confirmation class in the church I serve on a walking tour of East Harlem. All 15 or so of us — suburban pilgrims into a grim universe far further from our consciousness than from our front yards — had spent the previous night in a Catholic night shelter. We had gone to work in a soup kitchen, had done some

maintenance projects and helped the shelter's residents in several much-enjoyed common tasks.

Near the end of our stay, in the hour or so before we headed for the train station and our return trip home, one of the residents led the bunch of us — bundled against the cold — up and down some side streets.

We saw fast-food restaurants which, we were told, sell far more than fast food. We saw the corners, vacant lots and abandoned buildings where drug dealers can sell you anything you want. We saw the favorite hangouts of prostitutes. We saw groups of young men who were certainly employable, but who, for whatever reason, were out of work and idle and restless.

Up and down the streets we went; on every block there was a lifetime supply of proof-texts for the culture's cynicism.

But, turning at one particular corner, we noticed something else. On a boarded-up building was spray-painted in a bright, arresting color across what used to be a door, a cross! It immediately claimed my attention. It seemed different from other crosses I have seen — brass ones sitting tamely between candles, jeweled ones worn with necklaces, lapel-pin versions complete with a companion patriotic flag.

Here, it did not blend in as a mere piece of a larger cultural fabric. It was not there as if presiding over layer upon layer of power and good taste and gentility. There was about it not the slightest hint of adornment.

Instead, it stuck out like a jagged piece of glass, like a bloody but strategically important beachhead that had been established in the very midst of hostile territory.

It was a stubborn statement of resistance against the backdrop of Harlem's — and the region's and the world's — pain and struggle and darkness. It was as if it had been scrawled there to assure any and all who would notice that they were not alone in the dark.

For me, at least, that cross extended an extraordinary invitation. It was not an invitation to return to a sort of blind innocence that would deny us a look at all of our century's pathos and tragedy, or that would suggest that, in the face of it, we merely think up some glib and banal slogan such as "Let's keep our chins up" or "Let's grin and bear it."

No, after World War II, the Holocaust, Vietnam, Watergate, Chernobyl, Howard Beach and Joel Steinberg, we cannot afford in good conscience to strive again for innocence.

The invitation was instead, I think, to strive for holiness.

William Sloane Coffin was right when

he wrote that "holiness, not innocence, is our only option in the sullied stream of human life. To be born again is to see with even greater clarity the complexities of life and our own complicity in the very evils we abhor, and to dedicate ourselves as never before to the eradication of those evils . . ." (*The Courage to Love*, pp. 5-6).

It is a peculiar sort of holiness, not innocence, that enables men and women to look without blinking at the powers that would insist that there's something final and inevitable and irreversible in our stockpiles of nuclear weaponry.

It is holiness, not innocence, that empowers the husband or wife or lover at the hospital bedside to say, "Goodbye, for now," out of the conviction that in God's time there will be a reunion.

It is holiness, not innocence, that compels the person of faith to care so mightily for the creation — its children, its heartaches, its hopes — precisely because of the unshakable trust that God, too, cares for it all so mightily.

It is holiness, not innocence, that motivates some bold soul to claim with spray paint in the very furnace and breeding ground of this particular region's despair that it, too, bears the initials of God.

Where does the empowerment for such holiness come from, if not from the Empty Tomb?

I, for one, have new interest in this season of Easter in accepting the invitation of that Harlem cross. I am less and less interested in "despair chic" and more and more interested in singing alleluias into the very faces of all which would disembowel the world which God intends.

What's more, I sense in myself patience for enduring the easy cynicism that lurks throughout our culture. To be sure, the

(Continued on Next Page)

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EASTER (HOPE)

HE IS RISEN

Don't know why, but need prove Resur. again every Easter. Perhaps because it is miracle - ~~great~~ in fact - and Americans tough-minded. Don't like miracles. We want cold facts, no hazy speculation.

All right. Then I have a fact for you this morning - the most important simple fact in history of the world. "Christ is risen; He is risen indeed."

That's the first thing I want to say: 1) R. is a great fact in past.
2) R. is a great power in present
3) R. is a great hope for future.

I. Great fact in past. Put yourself back in Jerusalem, the inside of Jesus' confinement. What strange rumors buzzing about. 2 contradictory reports - rather believe ① (puzzled, sleep-eyed) soldiers who had guarded tomb.
or ② young, bold little band of disciples who were telling everyone.

At 1st hearing, soldiers seemed to have better story. Bodily stolen while they slept. Plausible. But wait! Why so nervous? The more you thought - queerer. Why army guards in first place. Senseless to guard a dead man - unless they really expected him to rise ...

And what kind of a story that disciples stole it. Sure when had Romans slept on guard. Penalty - death. Here they were free. Nothing they said made sense.

It was daff. with disciples ^{what they said was strange indeed,} but at least they behaved ^{and all in the way they were acting} it. Two days ago they were scared, running for their lives. Now absolutely without fear they were challenging the world with declaration: X^t has risen from dead. It took something more than a lie to make that kind of change in men. ~~But~~ ^{Something} must have happened!

There they were - 2 stories. Take your choice. The evidence all on side of disciples - so much so that the first time they probably preached the resurrection - 3000 believed & were converted. A great fact ^{it is true}

~~Xt is risen. World cannot bury him. Earth is not deep enough. Hell not strong enough. Xt is risen!~~ (2)

II. But get away from dejection. R. is more than a fact in the past. It is power for today. It has 2 great symbols: ① cross, ② empty tomb. Cross is symbol of tragedy, death. God's death for man's sin. But empty tomb is victory. Xt is risen, and that means power. Look at the disciples - covering in alleys one day, marching out the next to turn the world upside down. The difference was power - the power of the risen Lord - Xt. is risen. The world cannot bury him. Earth is not deep enough. Hell is not strong enough. He has the power - and His power is ours! Resurrection means power. Pharisees spoiled Easter with leavened eggs - that's not what it means. It means power.

III. And it means even more. It means hope. That's what ~~Easter~~ really means. It means that for the Xc., for the man who really trusts in Xt., there is nothing left to fear, not even death!

Paster IV - "I am risen - I am Jc.'s risen"

There's the fact - the power - the hope of Easter right there.

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die."

He Is Risen

- ① Great fact in the past.
- ② " power for the present.
- ③ " hope for the future.

Why need prime Resurrection? Because suicide - greatest in hist. - and Americans tough-minded. Don't like suicides. Want cold facts. In that case: Resurrect
in present
in hope

But as cold, historical fact - resurr. better attested than that a Wm. Shakespeare wrote Hamlet - or Brutus murdered Caesar. Why always on defensive? Resurr. is one fact we can be certain about.

In gospels alone - 10 times Lord appeared. Once to 500.

No illusion

Put yourself back in Jerusalem -

You can imagine what strange rumors... 2 contradictory reports - ① nervous soldiers, ② jingling disciples

1st hearing, soldiers seemed to have better story. Body stolen while they slept. Plausible. But wait - why nervous. Why guard. What cook + bull story about disciples stealing body - Penalty - death; yet here were soldiers walking free + telling a story which, if true meant death.

And what had happened to the disciples. Scared, running for home. Now fearlessly preaching. Sober, honest men. When J. died - not so left to admit they followed him. Now 1000.

There they were - 2 stories. Take your choice. Evidence all on side of disciples - so much so that 1st time preach, 3,000 believe: It's a red fact

(Today - still 2 stories. You have your choice. No one can argue you into it. But historical fact is still there) → Xt is main. World cannot bury him. Earth not deep enough, Hell not deep enough. Heavens cannot contain him. Xt. is main.

II. But get away from defensive; ^{more than main} ~~more~~ to proclaim gospel, not defend it. Mathematics - don't have to prove multiplication table every year. Use it. It's a foundation to build on - not a fact to defend.

Not only fact in past - power for the present. How. ① Electric joy as we realize we sense a conqueror. Partners with victory. But more - the same Spirit who raised Xt from dead is in us. Power of resurr. is power of Spirit.

He Is Risen

Text: Matt. 28:1-15

I don't know why we, as Christians ~~knights~~ feel called upon every Easter to prove all over again the fact of the resurrection. Perhaps ~~it~~ the reason is that the resurrection is a miracle, the greatest and clearest-cut miracle ⁱⁿ history, and we are all tough-minded Americans who don't like the word miracle. We ~~like~~ ^{want} cold, ^{historical} ~~scientific~~ fact, ^{without any} ~~not~~ hazy speculations. ^{in that case, the first thing to say is Easter:}

- 1) R - great fact in past
- 2) R - great power in present
- 3) R - great hope in future

(And yet, as a matter of cold, sober historical fact, that Jesus Christ rose from the dead is better attested and verified than that a man named William Shakespeare ever wrote Hamlet ~~and~~ The Merchant of Venice, or that Brutus murdered Julius Caesar. Why should we always be on the defensive about the resurrection? ^{It} ~~Here~~ is one fact we can be certain about. ^{In the gospels alone we have recorded} Ten times ^{distinct} the Lord appeared to the disciples after Easter. Once he ^{was} ~~had been~~ seen by over 500 people ~~at once~~. That was no illusion, no vision, no mass hypnotism. ^{A great fact in the past. Put yourself back in Jerusalem} You can imagine what strange rumors went buzzing about Jerusalem during those ~~2~~ weeks after the crucifixion. Two contradictory reports were in circulation. You could either believe the nervous, shifty-eyed Roman soldiers who had guarded the tomb that night. Or you could believe the joyous, bold little group of disciples who were telling with amazing conviction an incredible story about the return to life of the Nazarene that Pilate had put to death.

At first hearing the soldiers seemed to have the better story. The body had been stolen, they said, while the guard was asleep. It was ^{enough} plausible ~~enough~~. But why were the soldiers, Roman soldiers at that, so nervous in the telling of it--pale beneath their deep tan. The more you thought about it, the queerer the report sounded. Why had a guard been put about the tomb in the first place. That was a senseless, ghostly business,

guarding a dead man. Had the authorities really believed this ~~xxx~~ strange ~~xxx~~ Jesus, then, when he had said he would rise from the dead? (~~If so there might be something more to the rumour than appeared on the surface.~~)

And what sort of a cock-and-bull story was this anyway, about the disciples of the Nazarene stealing the body while the guards slept? Since when had Roman guards begun to go to sleep on duty? The penalty for that in the Roman army was instant death. Yet here were the soldiers not only walking about scot-free, but ~~actually~~ spreading around a story which, if true, would mean their death at once. There was something wrong somewhere.

Finally, what had happened to these disciples of the Nazarene. When last seen at the time of the crucifixion they were running for home, scared within an inch of their lives. And now they were fearlessly preaching in the streets of Jerusalem that the Nazarene had risen. They were sober, honest men. They spoke with such conviction ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ it was hard to believe they were ~~deliberately~~ lying. And up in Galilee a group of 500 men of the same sort, simple, reliable folk claimed they had seen and talked with the Nazarene too. When the man had died on his cross, there were not ten left who dared acknowledge they were his followers. Now hundreds were hailing him as Lord. Something must have happened.

There they were: two stories; you could take your choice. You could believe the soldiers, or the disciples. ^{strangely enough} And the evidence was all on the side of the disciples, so much so that the first time they publicly proclaimed the truth of the resurrection ^{in the streets of Jerusalem} ~~at sunset~~, ^{in one morning} 3000 believed and accepted the Risen Lord.

Today there are still the two stories to choose from. No one can make you believe the disciples. ~~but think well. It is no light thing to disregard~~ ~~maintain that 1000 years of Christian history,~~

No one can argue you into accepting the fact of the resurrection.

But whether it is believed or not, the historical fact is still there, ^{As a great fact -} that glorious fact, Christ is risen. The world cannot bury Jesus. The earth is not deep enough for his tomb; ^{Hell is not strong enough to confine him} ~~the clouds are not wide enough to enfold him;~~ the heavens cannot contain him. Christ is risen. That fact remains; and one fact is worth a thousand theories.)

But let us ^{get away from} ~~not remain~~ on the defensive. ~~As~~ Christians ~~we~~ are commissioned to proclaim the gospel, not to defend it. How far would a teacher of mathematics get with his class if every year he felt it necessary to prove the truth of the multiplication table. As basic as the multiplication table to mathematics, ^{is} the resurrection to our Christian faith. It is a foundation on which to build, not a fort to be always defending.

^{It is more than a fact in the past. It is power for the present.}

~~Take the thrillingly positive truths of the Easter message, and think of them.~~ Christianity has two great symbols, the cross and ^{tragedy} the empty tomb, atoning death and saving, empowering life. ^{The cross is a symbol of tragedy. A tragic symbol,} ~~the cross--God's death for man's sin. What a glorious contrast is the~~ Easter's empty tomb. ^{Christ} ~~It~~ is risen, ^{in victory} ~~the power of that truth.~~ ^{That} It means power ^{as well as} power in life, ~~it means~~ victory over death. It means resurrection power

for the present; ~~and~~ resurrection hope for the future. ^{Look at the difference in the disciples -} ~~coming in the back streets one day - marching out to turn the world upside down the next.~~

How does the fact that Christ arose from the dead affect our lives here and now. Of course, there is a certain feeling of electric power joy that comes to the Christian as he realizes he is in the service of a conqueror, a leader who has overcome the world. ^{See what a difference it made in the disciples to know that their master was not dead, but alive.} ~~But~~ ^{however} the power of the resurrection ^{is} more than this ^{heady} sense of partnership with victory. Paul tells us that the same Spirit who raised Christ from the dead dwells in the Christian. The power of the resurrection is the power of the Holy Spirit. And the power of the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit is God's gift to the Christian upon conversion. When God changes your life he gives you power.

An old man dreamed a dream. In his vision he looked and beheld a man of wondrous beauty and noble bearing, a man of strength and grace and dignity, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ approaching him. With admiration and envy he gazed and said, "Who is this stranger of so majestic a tier?" Sharp and clear the answer bit into his soul, "That is the man God meant you to be."

Will you wait until you are old to dream the dream of your failure. Rise up and run now; run to the empty tomb, fall to your knees in its shadow, and pray. Pray for the power of the resurrection. Pray for the power of the Spirit. Pray that God will show you the vision of the man he means you to be. Until the sorrow and weakness of the cross, until the strength and joy of the empty tomb have been woven into the fiber of your life, you can not be that man. Until the blood of the cross has washed you clean of sin; until the glory of the ^{empty tomb} ~~resurrection~~ has lighted your life with the power of the Spirit, you cannot be the man God ~~MEANS~~ wants you to be. Don't try it alone. Come to ~~him~~ ^{the Three Lord.}

The resurrection of Jesus Christ--a great fact in the past, a great power for the present--it is all this and more. It is a great hope for the future, ~~It is the~~ final proof of Christ's victory over death.

An ugly word, a chilling word is death. ~~Someday, some~~ ^{But no man escapes it.}
~~night, we know not when, you and I will stand face to face with death.~~
Some men meet it in proud silence, some men meet it with a wailing, sobbing cry that tears your heart out. One will meet death with a curse; another with a smile. Some men will pray for death, and some will fight ^{the King} it madly, hysterically, hopelessly, as the last and bitterest enemy. ^{How will we meet death?} Will he meet ~~death~~ ^{it}, cringing, and cowering and crying out like a Nero. Will he ^{drink the hemlock} ~~face~~ it calmly and heroically but hopelessly, like a Socrates. Or will he stand ~~and~~ forth boldly to grasp death as a thing to be prized, with a

great joy and a great hope burring in our ~~xxxxxxx~~ hearts, as did Peter and Paul and all the martyrs whose blood is the seed of the church.

But who am I to speak about death. I am young. My life is before me. Death is far away. No wonder, you think, I speak so boldly of death.

But I am not so cut off from death. It was only a few short, sad months ago that ~~I lost my father.~~ ^{my father left us.} ~~I will never know a finer~~ ^{He was a very great man} man. He was unafraid when unarmed and alone he made his way into the interior hundreds of miles from any other white man and was stored in the streets of the wickedest city in Korea. He was unafraid 50 years later when a totalitarian government rewarded him for a lifetime of tireless, unselfish, marvelously fruitful service, by vowing that he would not leave the country alive. All my life I have had no other hero. And I tell you very earnestly, that were it not for my faith in my Risen Lord, and for the glorious hope I have in his victory over death that Easter morn. so long ago--were it not for this hope of seeing my father in glory on the other side, I would not be standing before you today, ^{to tell the good news of victory in Christ.} "Oh death where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?"

No, I am not so far from death. It was only last year that a Korean friend of mine, a student in this country, ^{could keep himself no longer} ~~unable longer~~ ~~to~~ ~~escape~~ from his persecuted fellow-Christians in the homeland, sailed to throw himself into the work of comforting and strengthening ~~the~~ ^{countrymen.} his faithful. He was taken from the boat at Shanghai and shot. He had already faced that possibility unafraid. The resurrection hope, the glory of the empty tomb, was his strength.

Afraid? Of what?
To feel the spirit's glad release?
To pass from pain to perfect peace?
The strife and strain of life to cease?
Afraid--of that?

Afraid? Of what?
A flash, a crash, a pierced heart;
Darkness, light, O heaven's art!
A wound of his a counterpart!
Afraid--of that?

Afraid? Of what?
Afraid to see the Saviour's face,
To hear his welcome, and to trace,
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid--of that?

Those words were written by a missionary in China while he was a prisoner of the bandits, in constant danger of his life. In the blessed hope of Christ's resurrection, he was not afraid.

Assurance, power, hope--these are all yours for the asking this Easter. "He is risen," the angel cries. Build your faith on that fact. "The Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell(eth) in you," says the Word of God. Build your life with that resurrection power. "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." These are the words of the Christ of the empty tomb. Build your hope on his promise.

Out of the Western deserts comes a story of the Pavejos, ~~and their tribal test of the character and strength of their young men.~~
A hard day's journey ^{over} ~~across~~ ^{from the village} the desert to the west ^{mountains} ~~lie~~ the Rockies and ~~be over~~
^{mountains} ~~and the Rockies~~ ^{lies} ~~stretch~~ the sea. In the dead heat of the summer, four of the braves of the tribe set out in a trial of endurance, rising early in the morning to run all day across the desert to the mountains. The elders awaited their return. The first returned at noon, gasping for water. He was brought to the elders with the cactus bud he carried as a trophy. "My son," said the elders, "could you run no farther?" "The sun was hot," he said, "and there was no water." It was midafternoon when the second returned with a twig of

turned, with a twig of spruce in his hand. "Good," said the elders, "You
reached the foot of the mountains." ^{Purple} ~~The~~ shadows were deepening across the
desert when the third brave reached the village. Proudly he gave the
elders his sprig of juniper, and the elders nodded, "Good, you climbed
to timberline." And just as darkness fell, ^{and the sands grew cold in the night,} the fourth and last sped in
from the desert and was brought to the council fire. His hands were empty.
Angrily the braves demanded a sign. "Even I brought a cactus bud", said
the first. "I found the spruce". "And I the juniper". ^{But the wise old elder said,} "Sit", ~~said the~~
~~wise elders,~~ and turned to the fourth. "Do you bring nothing". "Nothing, ^{there was nothing}
& bring", said the youth; then his eyes flashed, and his voice softened, as he added,
"But I saw the sea!"

Christians, we too have left our home above, and are re-
turning. Our life is but a test. And at the end, what will be ^{our} ~~your~~ re-
port. Some have stopped ^{at the foothills;} ~~at the foothills;~~ you have found Jesus the friend of man,
the good teacher, and that is all. Some have climbed to the clean winds
of the timberline; you have found the Christ of the cross, and have been
washed pure. Will you stop there? Climb, climb to the mountain-top and
behold the Easter glory of the Risen Lord, the Christ of the empty tomb.
^{For there and there alone}
~~Here at last~~ is the power and hope of the resurrection.

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all their own way. More and
more non-Red groups are dis-
covering the technique.

(Newspaper Enterprise Assn.)

create hostile divisions instead of
cooperation, will reap a cruel
harvest. The choice is theirs.

(The Hall Syndicate, Inc.)

AS TIME the tech-
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s for their own

The Rev. Purnell Bailey

March 30, 1966

Stars & Stripes

Bread of Life



FOR MANY YEARS Aldous Huxley, author of *Brave New World*,
was an agnostic.

Later he took a look back and asked: "Why was I so insistent
on a naturalistic explanation of everything?"

He answered: "Because I wanted my freedom—especially my
sexual freedom—and I knew that with a materialistic explanation of
life I had it. Whereas once I admitted that the spiritual was present
in life, I had to listen to something—someone beyond myself—who
would put a curb, a demand, upon me that I dared not face."

In large degree, Huxley declared, what you see in life depends
on who and what you are.

"Two men looked out from prison bars.

The one saw mud, the other stars!"

Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people.
(Jer. 7:23)

Now an eclectic mystic. Freedom of TH Huxley

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several Latin regimes.

FAITH AND THE EMPTY TOMB

Text: I Cor. 15:14

Isa. 25:1,4,6-9
Matt. 28:1-20

I sometimes wonder why this tough-minded 20th century of ours makes so much of Easter. It doesn't like miracles. It only tolerates faith. But it simply loves Easter, and there it betrays. I am afraid that beneath all its surface toughness lie thick layers of sentiment. ^{I wish it meant more, I wish it meant faith, but} The truth of the matter is that the 20th century likes Easter better than it likes the resurrection, which is another example of what Trueblood calls the "cut-flower" character of our culture. We throw away the roots, but hope somehow the flowers will stay alive.

Paul had no such illusions. "If Christ be not risen," he said flatly, "then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain." He wasn't really arguing about the resurrection. He didn't have to. The Corinthian church had no doubt about it. He was just reasoning from the known fact of the resurrection to assure them that their own hope of eternal life was promised and guaranteed by our Lord's victory over death.

But with the modern world is different. It shrugs the whole thing off--resurrection, preaching, faith and all. Christ is not risen; preaching is vain, and so is faith. ^{Even some of us are doing} It makes no difference what you believe, it's how you live that counts. ^{That way of thinking is popular and modern, but is it true?} ~~That way of thinking is popular and modern, but is it true?~~ ^{Paul says, No. We must take his own} stand with Paul, and say as flatly as the Apostle, (1) Life demands faith. (2) Faith demands the resurrection. (3) And it is the resurrection that gives us hope both in this life and the next.

The starting point is faith. Without it, we spend our time on Easter morning embarrassingly talking about the bees and the flowers and new life in the little buds, hoping that no one will be rude enough to ask whether Jesus really did rise from the tomb, or if we, not ~~the~~ ^{not} the little buds, have life after death. ^(to find) The answer to such questions takes faith, but are we ready for faith in this age of doubt? I think we are. ^{but} I think there are signs that the world is recognizing once again that life does demand faith. It is beginning to see, parts of it at least, that a world without faith is a world of moral chaos and despair.

When the world threw away faith, it discovered to its surprise and dismay that the first casualty was moral order. It didn't see this at first. When one of the sons of the great scientist Huxley died, his old friend Charles Kingsley ^{frankly and affectionately} wrote him a letter on immortality and the gospel. Huxley replied:

"My Dear Kingsley--I cannot sufficiently thank you...for your long and frank letter, and for all the hearty sympathy which it exhibits...(but) truth is better than much profit...and if wife and child and name and fame were all to be lost to me one after the other, as the penalty, still I will not lie... I (can) neither deny nor affirm the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing in it... (Kicked into the world, a boy without guide or training, or with worse than none) I confess to my shame that few men have drunk deeper of all kinds of sin than I. Happily, my course was arrested in time--before I had earned absolute destruction--and for long years I have been slowly and painfully climbing, with many a fall, towards better things. And when I look back, what do I find to have been the agents of my redemption? The hope of immortality or of future reward? I can honestly say that for these 14 years such a consideration has not entered my head..." (quoted, Zwemer, p. 99)

^{That's what the world thought at first. After all - it makes no difference what you believe, it's how you live that counts.} A good moral life Huxley lived all the rest of his days, a life that puts some Christian lives to shame. Faith, it seemed, was not necessary. But, as others have pointed out, that good life of his was cut off at the roots. It lasted just one generation. ^{His son, a writer, gave up religion like his father, but thinking the thing through, came to the correct conclusion that if there is no truth to religion, then there is really no good reason for morality. The standards were gone.}

It's a lie to say it makes no difference ^{what} you believe, it's how you live that counts. How you live depends on what you believe. (Jesus ^{said} ~~know~~ it, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." (If there is any lesson to be learned from the Huxleys, it is this: we can coast along with the current of morality just so long. Without the

Mood music for Easter program at Vespers - 1957

Easter Parade - To you Easter bunnies, with the puns upon it..

"How comes Peter Cottontail

Hippety-hoppety Happy Easter Day

Christian faith that gave us that morality we are coasting to destruction.

"With a superfluity of goods," says President Hutchins, "we are sinking into poverty.... With a declining death rate we have yet to discover what we should do with our lives. With a hatred of war, we are heading inevitably toward it."

The world ~~has~~ lost its moral direction, ~~when it~~ lost faith.

The second casualty, when we give up faith, is hope. ^{when you} Drift too long down the river of unbelief, and you come to the dangerous rocks, the atomic whirlpool--~~but~~ then it may be too late to remember that you've thrown away the anchor. We seem sometimes today like the Indian in a story that used to fascinate me. Coming back from a hunt on Lake Erie he falls asleep in his canoe. All unknowing he drifts down into the rapids above Niagara. As the current sweeps him to destruction he is awakened by a cry from the shore and springs to his feet. But a glance at the white spray of the falls ahead shows him that his doom is sealed. It is too late, and without a single cry or effort, resumes his seat, folds his arms, and with the stoicism of his race is hurled to his death. Hope had died out of the man.

Many a modern like the poet, Henley, ~~or Bertrand Russell, or more recently the~~ French existentialists, ^{deadly} have awakened to the world's peril, ^{thought} but think it is too late. Like the Indian, they fold their arms, bow their heads and watch, with the courage of despair, to see the world hurl itself to destruction. "The universe is a bad joke," say the existentialists. "Life has neither purpose or meaning, and man's ^{chief} highest end is suicide." ~~(It makes all the difference in the world what you believe.)~~ Life without faith is life without hope. ~~It makes all the difference in the world what you believe.~~

And right there the resurrection must come into the picture like sunshine into a dark world--into the very center of the picture, for the resurrection is the heart of the Christian faith. Life demands faith, yes, but faith demands the resurrection. Take the empty tomb out of Christianity, and, as Paul says, Christianity becomes the great lie, the great cheat. Take the resurrection out of your faith, and you have committed spiritual suicide. "If Christ be not risen...then is your faith vain."

^{no faith is not just any faith. In a perverse sort of way, even in the 20th c. faith has become popular again. Any form - occult, horoscopes -}
~~(This is the less popular truth, but the more Christian.)~~ Life demands faith of ~~course, who really denies that today? (It is more important than production in communist~~ China. Look at all ~~our~~ mushrooming indoctrination classes.) Faith has become the great morale builder. Life goes to pieces without it, Nations go to pieces without it. We have to have faith. So faith becomes a sort of political football. Faith in one thing is as good as faith in another to make men work, so long as they really have faith. Hitler used it, and built up faith in race and destiny. Japan used it, and built up faith in the Emperor. Even Democracy wakes up, and reaches out for the nearest faith at hand, Christianity, which all too often it identifies with democracy. Faith suddenly finds itself very popular once more. You might almost say that today's slogan is, "It doesn't make any difference what you believe, so long as you believe something."

Our text is a sharp warning against that sort of thinking. "If Christ be not risen...your faith is vain." Faith alone never made a thing true. Did Japanese faith in the Emperor make him a God? ^{fact} "Standing up in the canoe and believing that he is safe ~~won't~~ keep the Indian from the waterfall? If it would, the thing for us to do would be to get off in our little corners and believe, believe just as hard as we can that everything is all right--spring is here, birds are singing, everybody loves everybody, the world is just one big happy family, and all God's chillun will rise again! ~~But just saying things,~~
^{or any belief says, doesn't make them true}
^{fact} ~~That faith is not founded on truth, it is as silly as that,--an empty bubble, a~~ snare, a delusion, ^{and} an opiate of the people. To believe in belief is a vicious circle. That is why Christians insist that our Lord did rise again. ^{think} "I believe in Jesus Christ... (say the ^{word})" the third day he rose again from the dead." Faith yes, but with witnesses and evidences rooting and grounding it in reality as reasonably as any of the beliefs by which we live. As faith gives hope to life, so the empty tomb gives ground for hope to faith.

Martin Luther used to say that when the devil came and tempted him with gloom and

shadow, doubt and despair, he had one infallible way by which he could always drive him from the room. He would get up and go to the wall, and take a piece of chalk, and write, "Dominus vivit, vivit." The Lord lives. He is alive. "And the devil could never stand that," said Martin Luther.

"The Lord lives." With the knowledge of that fact, hope and joy come surging in. (~~Despair in a world where the love of God has triumphed? How can we?~~) "If God be for us who can be against us?" ^{Death is still with us, but death is not the end of us} ~~Is suicide our highest goal?~~ One man ~~did~~ choose to die, the dearest and best of men. He died on a cross. But the cross was not his goal, and death was swallowed up in victory, ^{our goal is life, eternal life with God.}

That is our hope, and ^{in that} ~~such~~ a hope ^{is our} brings power. Give that doomed Indian, as he is swept down stream some hope of reaching safety and he will no longer sit there with head bowed and arms folded. Give him hope, and you galvanize him into action. You transform the apathy of despair into the power of hope. See how Christ changed the disciples, weeping in the upper room, into the men that changed the world. He gave them the power of hope.

Today we stand in the shadow of the crumbling of the nations, ^{Prophets of doom tell us that we have placed bombs in our hands and we can give up & despair} ~~and the noise of the bombs and the cries of the dying are heavy in our ears;~~ ^{as we drift down the river of our life} If we have no faith, the falls are just ahead. Life demands faith. But if we have only faith, and Christ be not risen from the dead, then our faith is vain and the salt spray of death is already on our lips. Faith demands the resurrection.

But Jesus Christ is risen today! There is no despair and no death for the Christian. The river flows down to the sea, but we stand on the rock, Christ Jesus. The light of the resurrection is in our souls, and with Luther we write large across the face of the dark years, "The Lord lives. He is alive."

I think of the words of an old hymn:-

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings...."

Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land."

Immortality

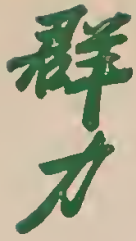
You have asked me to come here + speak about immortality about life after death - which is the best possible subject for Easter, because that is what Easter is all about - a man who died, but still lives.

Now, of course, not everybody believes that. And I imagine there are some who who down in their hearts are a little shaky ~~as~~ as to whether, in this scientific age, they really can believe such a very, very strange story. I hope I won't disappoint you when I say, right at the outset, that I am not going to be able to give you ^{any way anybody can deny} ~~you~~ ^{proof} ~~to you~~ that you and I will live after death. I'm sorry but I just can't give you a scientific demonstration of immortality. I didn't bring along any spirits or ghosts or dead people come back to life - that's the only way I could prove it, you see.

Immortality is one of the doctrines of our faith - and I stress the word faith. It's not something we know can prove. It's something we believe. But don't make the mistake of thinking that because I can't prove it I think it's unreasonable. I think it's completely reasonable. Faith, for you being unreasonable, is the most reasonable thing in the world - we can't live without it. It's as common as the air we breathe. But proof, on the other hand, is so rare that we almost never find it.

Oh, you say, that's not true. ^{look at all the proofs of science} ~~You can prove these scientifically!~~ ^{Where} ~~Can~~? Mathematics is the most exact of the sciences - but you know as well as I that it rests on unproved assumptions. We call these assumptions axioms - laws that we accept ~~as~~ as true, but which we just can't prove! We take ~~them~~ by faith.

We take ~~to~~ a very simple matter like personal identity. I say that I am Sam Moffett. But can I prove it? Logically, perhaps, but not scientifically. ^{It's a tremendously hard thing} ~~The~~ ~~unprovable~~



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to prove - that it seems so simple - so hard that
 difficulties of the apparently simple little ~~problems~~ ^{are among} cases of disputed identity, the
 most confusing and perplexing, ^{that can be put to} the law courts of the world. How do I really prove
 who I am? A passport? It can be forged. My friends? How do they know? It all
 goes back, in the last analysis, to the testimony of 2 people - my mother + a doctor,
 and you have to take their word for it on faith. You can neither prove nor disprove
 that they are telling the truth.

If we live, then, so completely by faith in this world - is it so unreasonable
 for us to ~~draw~~ ^{draw} some conclusions by faith about the next world? Any statement
 made about the future is made by faith - whether it is made about by a
 communist talking about the classless society, or by a Christian talking about
 heaven + ~~the~~ eternal life. Communists can't prove that ~~the~~ by leading + or
 riding the dialectic of history they will bring in the perfect world, the classless
 state where all men are brothers + the state will wither away. ~~That is a religious~~
~~belief~~ they believe that, ^{and} they believe it by faith, not by scientific science. So I don't
 think we have need to be unduly sensitive ^{about the fact that} if ~~there is~~ our hope of immortality is
~~unscientific~~ ^{not science.} depends on faith. Of course it ^{depends} ~~depends~~ on faith. Life itself moves on
 by faith.

But what is this thing we believe by faith. What is immortality? It is ^①
 that's the first point. But we believe in more than ^{that - more than} mere survival - dead eye will be a ^{triggering} thing, ^{→→→}
 simply this - we believe that death is not the end of us. We believe that as we
 began with God, so we shall end with God. ~~and God is the end of the living, not of~~
~~the dead.~~ Personally, the alternative rather disgusts me - that we began with the monkeys,
 and end, in stinking rottenness, with the worms. If that be true, then let us live like monkeys
 and like worms - but ^I believe ^I that ~~we are~~ made to live with God, with Jesus Christ - and
~~simply to live like Christ.~~ and therefore I must like like Xt.



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Test. "How are people who cannot dip into a day," soap business; "an hour hangs heavy on their hands, and you see them rolling eyes without end!" But put an idea of eternal eye frames and send. The Mrs. being in remarkable is life with God...

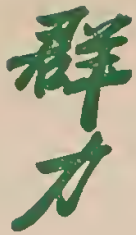
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There are ~~two~~ ^{three} other things about ~~the~~ ^{the} Christian belief in life after death which we should mention. First - it is not idealism, in fact it is quite materialistic. Do you remember what the Apostle's Creed says - not just, "I believe in the life everlasting" but I believe in the resurrection of the body." Eternal life is for the body - a changed body it's true - but still a body - and not just for what we call the soul. ~~And second,~~ ^{is in materialism, and} ~~the life after~~ This, makes our belief different from Greek idealism, ^{in example,} if you've been studying philosophy. And second - ~~the~~ life after death is for the same "me", that I am now. In other words, after I die, I won't come back to life as a frog, or a cow or a king, as some Indian ~~of~~ try to tell us. I will still be I, better perhaps, but the same person. And third - once I am the same person in the life beyond the grave, as I am now in this world, I ^{can} will be held responsible there, for what I do here. ~~Eternal life~~ Death is not a swift + easy escape from all our ~~troubles~~ ^{down, sin} + responsibilities. It is the door that brings us ~~into~~ face to face with God.

Now that is what I believe, and what most Christians believe about life after death. I suppose what you really want to know is, "Is it true?"

Well, as I said before, I can't prove it. I take it by faith. But I think that faith is reasonable. Just as a communist, who ^{who can't prove} ~~thinks his faith is reasonable~~ the coming of a classless society, ~~is reasonable, though we can't prove it~~ yet thinks his faith is reasonably based on a study of society + of history; so a Christian, who can't prove life after death, thinks his faith is reasonably based on a study of God + man + history.

There are three main lines of reasoning that have led men to believe in immortality - and the strange thing is that men have always believed in it. The very first



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men of whom we really know anything ^{scientifically} about, - Neanderthal men - who dressed in skins + lived in the caves of S. Europe ten thousand years ago, already believed in some compelling way, that death was not the end of life. The way they buried their dead shows it.

The three lines of reasoning that lead to man's belief in life after death are
1) superstitious or psychic.
2) philosophic.
3) Christian.

The first kind, of course isn't much good. People see visions, or dream dreams about dead people they have known, + think it means they're still living. I heard of a woman who lost a ring + couldn't find it. In a dream, her mother, who was dead, told her to look for it behind the kitchen sink, and sure enough that's where it was. After that nothing on earth could convince that woman her mother wasn't still living. Well, really, that sort of thing is superstition. I don't know whether you have it in China or not - but in the West we have people called "mediums" who are supposed to be able to call back the dead - Dark room - knocking - tables. More superstition. It seems to me that if these really were the dead coming back to talk to us, they'd have more important things to do than turn tables around, or tell us where our lost rings were. I count all this sort of thing a superstition, and the Bible warns us to have nothing to do with it.

The second line of reasoning is philosophic, and makes better sense. There are many reasons philosophers give for believing in life after death. Sometimes they say it's such a universal belief it couldn't be false. There surely must be some truth to a thing believed by people in every country and in every age since history began. Neanderthal. Or sometimes they argue that just as matter can never be destroyed - it can only be changed from one form into another - so the soul cannot be destroyed by death, but only changed.

But the strongest of the ϕ arguments, it seems to me is the moral argument. It is simply this: -

if there is no life after death, then there is neither justice nor love at the heart of the universe, and ~~no real meaning to life~~. If this life is all we can judge by - where good people suffer and wicked people get rich + happy - then there is no justice, and we might as well all ~~be selfish + wicked~~ get into the fight + shove and kick our way over the ~~dead~~ poor + the oppressed to the top. What difference does it make. We're all going to die. So eat drink + be merry, tomorrow we die?

If the same death is the final end to sinner + saint, to the wicked + the good, then our consciences are liars, and there is no such thing as right + wrong. Here so, then, no difference between Judas + Jesus. ~~But can you really believe this. We can't help but believe that some things are right and others wrong.~~ And the very fibers of our soul cries out against the thought that ^{on} Easter day, ~~(there was no difference between)~~ Judas the betrayer + Jesus the betrayed, ~~Both died, and if both are dead, that's all~~ ^{were dead, still dead + eternally dead. If that is true} then the universe ~~looks~~ winks at a crime that makes us shudder, and yawns at a death that makes us weep.

Here is a poem that puts the same idea differently - a poem about 3 men who betrayed + ruined 3 girls: Cave, p. 297.

~~The human~~ ^{My} mind can't accept death as the end. I can't believe the universe leaves things unfinished - with evil triumphant + goodness dead. I can't believe there is no difference between Jesus + Judas. ~~The very moral order of things~~ Justice itself demands a life after death - and I believe in justice. Don't you?

But the Christian's faith in immortality rests on an even better foundation than logic + philosophy. We rest our case in history. Why does a ~~kn~~ really believe in life after death. Simply because Jesus Christ was killed + was buried, and rose again alive! ^{One fact is better than a thousand theories.} ~~One historical fact is better than a thousand theories. If a man says to me if a man doesn't believe that I can fly, the best way to prove it to him is to get out a d. fly. 50 years ago men shook their heads at automobiles. They didn't believe a man could breathe at the devilish speed of 20 m.p.h. - he couldn't live. It was a good thing - except that someone managed to go 20 m.p.h. & still live. You say to me a man can't die + still live. All I can do is point to J. X. and say, "He died, but He still lives." And I think my fact is better than your theory.~~

This may sound to you as if I think I've proved immortality. By the laws of historical evidence, yes. The resurr. of J. X. has been called the best attested fact of history. But scientifically proved no. It was scientifically proved only to one man, Thomas - who touched the very wounds of Jesus' body. But it can't be scientifically proved to you, anyone other than ~~that~~ my identity can be sc. proved to you you weren't there when it happened. ~~It's~~ All you can do is listen to the testimony of others + believe or not believe. My mother + my doctor say I am Sam McPhail you believe it or you don't. The Apostles, St. Paul - 500 disciples, say they saw Jesus alive after He was dead. You believe it or you don't. I believe it.

And the minute I say I believe it - it changes the whole world for me.

Can't prove - doctrine of faith. Unreasonable.

Proof case - math.

See Moffatt

Faith in this world - so in next, faith is reasonable.

Any statement about future - is faith.

But what is this that we believe by faith?

1. Death not the end. But more -
2. Life with God. Alternative: disgust - life with worms.
Worms live like them
God, live like him.
3. Not idealism body.
4. Not the same "no" - not cow or king.
5. ∴ responsible.

But is it true? Can't prove - but reasonable. "like classless society."

Three lines of reasoning:

1) superstitious - "crap" but should have more important things.

2) philosophic -

a) Universal belief -

b) Matter can't be destroyed so spirit.

c) Moral - if no life after death - then neither justice or love at the heart of universe.

No right + wrong. Jesus = Judas. Universe looks at us as you at others. No difference.

Poem - 3 men.

I can't accept that. Jesus is diff. from Judas!

3) X - better for doctrine: history. J.X. arose.

Impossible? That's what man said about ant. 2000 y. ago.

So death + life. Impossible. But Jesus rose.

That sounds as if I think I've proved it. No -

you have to look at evidence. Then believe or not believe. It's up to you.

But what a diff.

FITZWILLIAM COLLEGE GRACE

MERVYN COOKE

Moderato [♩ = 100]

P cresc. *mf* *mf* *f sub.* *mp* *p* *f* *meno mosso* *cresc.* *f alleg.* *ff*

S. T. *o-cu-li om-ni-um in Te spe-rant, Do-mi-ne, et Tu das*

Bt. *es-cam it-er-um in tem-po-re op-por-tu-no. A-pe-ris*

B. *Tu ma-num Tu-am et im-ple-s om-ne a-ni-mal be-ne-dic-ti-*

o-ne. Be-ne-dic Do-mi-ne nos et do-na Tu-a-

quae de Tu-a car-ri-ta-te sumus sum-p-tu-ri. Per

Chris-tum Do-mi-num nos-trum. A-men.

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LAW SOCIETY

1988-89: President, C. S. Barnard; Secretary, L. A. Mavrikakis

Last year the Society enjoyed the company of Lord Justice Mustill of the Court of Appeal, speaking at the Annual Dinner on the controversial reforms planned for the legal system. In addition, there was the particularly entertaining and hard-fought Moot, which was won by S. Arora of the first year. Mr A. Grubb spent an enjoyable year's sabbatical at Boston and New Mexico Universities in the U.S.A.

1989-90: President, L. A. Mavrikakis; Secretary, L. A. McAllister

In the Michaelmas Term Mr Inglese (1971) of the Government Legal Service spoke to the Society. More such evenings are promised. We wish Professor Pearl all the best in his new career at the University of East Anglia, after twenty successful years as Fitzwilliam's Director of Studies in Law.

MEDICAL SOCIETY

1988-89: President, D. P. H. Stark

Last year offered many opportunities to realise the potential that lies ahead in clinical medicine, such as the talks given by Mr. J. Keast-Butler and Dr. I. M. S. Wilkinson. The Annual Dinner was very well attended, including old faces who are now nearing the end of their clinical studies. The Garden Party was held in the May Week sunshine in the beautiful garden of Neale House, and as always proved extremely popular.

1989-90: President, C. W. Vickery

The Freshers were welcomed with a successful book-sale, where second-hand books are exchanged between the years. In the future we look forward to a clinical forum, where case histories are presented and we are urged to make diagnoses.

C. W. VICKERY

MUSIC SOCIETY

1988-89: Junior Officers: President, S. P. Keefe; Vice-President, A. J. Hakim; Secretary, M. J. Gilbert; Treasurer, A. M. Cain; Publicity, B. R. Frost; Chamber Concerts Manager, D. C. Stainer; Catering, N. Wainwright; Chapel Precentor, J. Washington

The Music Society had an extremely successful year in 1988-89. Following a recent restructuring, the Society has become more formally organized, the benefits from which have been very clear. A successful series of Michaelmas Term concerts was given entirely by students; the Lent Term concert series also proved to be very popular. There were several top quality recitals given by the higher-standard musicians of the College and also by invited guests - including former members and a professional recital by Philip Mead. The Annual Dinner in May was a splendid evening, with Humphrey Burton returning to Fitzwilliam as the guest speaker. The year was rounded off by an extremely well-attended Garden Party held in the grounds of the newly-acquired Grove. We had constant music throughout the afternoon and all in all this was a fitting end to a very good year for music at Fitzwilliam, under the competent leadership of Simon Keefe as President.

Substitute verses 12, 6, 7 here
for 1, 2, 6, 7 in the original
have

Text: I Cor. 15:14

Topic: FAITH AND THE EMPTY TOMB

"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Paul was not trying to convince his readers of the resurrection of Christ; he did not have to, they had no doubt about it. He was just trying to show them that their own hope of eternal life was assured ^{and guaranteed} by the Lord's victory over death.

Unfortunately this argument of Paul's does not hit our modern world with quite the electric force that it must have carried in the first century. The twentieth century is tough-minded. It does not like miracles. It only tolerates faith. ~~To~~ Say to our world, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain," ^{and the world simply retorts,} ~~is only to get the answer,~~ "We've ^{had our doubts about} ~~suspected the vanity of~~ your preaching all along, and as for our faith, we don't have any." And the argument is shot to pieces. Not quite, however. Carry it back just one more step, ~~and~~ begin with life instead of faith, and Paul's argument catches this century where it hurts. It can deny its faith, but it can not deny life, ^{and life has left it very much bewildered.}

So the argument becomes: I. Life demands faith;
II. Faith demands the resurrection;
and III. The resurrection gives hope.

Life demands faith because life without it ends in moral chaos, and that ends in despair. ^{{ Can you remember when people used} {It is not so popular as it once was to say, "It makes no difference what you believe, it is how you live that counts." ^{That was life without faith. We tried it and it wasn't very happy. I wish} ~~We have seen what life without faith is like.~~ It is like an ^{the} Indian coming back from a hunt on Lake Erie. He falls asleep in his

cance as it drifts down the stream and enters the rapids above Niagara. As the current sweeps him to destruction he is awakened by a cry from the shore and springs to his feet. But when he looks ahead at the white spray of the falls he sees at a glance that his doom is sealed, and without a single cry or effort resumes his seat, folds his arms, and with the stoicism of his race is hurled to death. Hope had died out of the man.

We ^{saw after the last war} ~~have seen~~ that life without faith ~~is~~ like that. Things went ^{too} ~~so~~ smoothly, ^{and we went to sleep,} ~~but~~ there was destruction ahead. Wise men, like President Hutchins of Chicago, cried out from the shore:

"With a superfluity of goods," he warned, "we are sinking into poverty. With a magnitude of gadgets we are no happier than we were before. With a declining death rate we have yet to discover what we should do with our lives. With a hatred of war we are heading inevitably toward it. (With a love of liberty we see much of the world in chains."

Many a man admitted that the root of the problem was the world's moral flabbiness, and they looked for an easy way out. They tried morality without religion, which is life without faith. With happy casualness they said, "We have been living wrong; now let us all live right." But they kept drifting toward the edge of the falls.

It is not enough to decide to live right. Anyone who has made a New Year's resolution knows that. You can see it most clearly, perhaps, in the Huxleys, who have been often pointed out as the classic example of the moral decay that follows loss of faith. Thomas Huxley, a great biologist, thought that evolution had destroyed God, but he still

chose to cling to morality. And a good ^{moral} Christian life he lived all his days, a life that put many a Christian's life to shame. But that good life of his was rotten at the roots. It lasted just one generation. His son ~~Julian~~ became a ~~great~~ writer. Like his father he gave up religion, but thinking the thing through he came to the correct conclusion that if there is no truth to religion there is no morality. So he gave up both religion and morality. Read his books and see what it did for him. Read the pessimism and despair in them. [The sequel to this family history is that Aldous Huxley, grandson of Thomas ~~and son of Julian~~, reacting against the despair and disillusionment into which his father's complete religious and moral skepticism had led him, is now slowly groping his way back to morality and religion.]

It is a ~~defiant~~ lie to say, "It makes no difference what you believe, it is how you live that counts." It is the hollow (bravery) of a generation that had lost the meaning of life. It is the courage of despair, the courage of Henley's Invictus:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

That spirit is the spirit of inevitable defeat. ^{It has more a different} ^{life demands faith.}

If there is any lesson ^{to be learned} (at all) from the Henleys and the Huxleys, it is this:] we can coast along with the current of Christian morality just so long. Without the Christian faith that gave us that morality, we are coasting to destruction. Many a man like Huxley and Henley and more recently Bertrand Russell has awakened to the peril too late, and has folded his arms, bowed his head, and (with the courage of unyielding despair) ^{wanted to see} ~~watched~~ his world hurl itself to destruction. It does make a difference what you believe. Life without faith is life without hope.

And right there the resurrection must come into the picture like

sunshine into a dark world, into the very center of the picture, for the resurrection is the heart of the Christian faith. Life demands faith, yes, but faith demands the resurrection. Take the resurrection out of Christianity, and ^{as Paul sa, they} religion becomes the great lie, the great cheat. Take the resurrection out of your faith, and you have committed spiritual suicide. "If Christ be not risen...your faith is vain."

(The resurrection alone gives reality to faith). And yet, strangely enough, some of those who will grant very readily the necessity of faith for life, deny the necessity of the resurrection as the foundation of faith. ^{But they say -} Faith alone is what counts, ^{they say,} and faith in one thing is as good as faith in another. ^{They ~~say~~ ^{admit} that faith is} ~~It~~ becomes the great morale builder. ^{We need faith.} Life goes to pieces without it. Nations go to pieces without it! So faith becomes a sort of political football. Hitler uses it, and builds up faith in race and destiny. Japan uses it, and builds up faith in the Emperor. Democracy wakes up, and reaches out for the nearest faith at hand, Christianity, which it conveniently identifies with democracy. So faith finds itself very popular once more. It is as easy to say today, "It doesn't make any difference what you believe, so long as you believe," ^{something.} as it was ten years ago to say, "It doesn't make any difference what you believe so long as you live right."

But our text is a grim warning against that sort of thinking. "If Christ be not risen...your faith is vain." Can anyone honestly think that if he believes strongly enough in democracy, or in peace and goodness and beauty and love and friendship, it will make all those good things come true? Does Japanese faith in the Emperor make him a God? ^{Faith alone in} Believing a thing never made it true. Standing up in the canoe and believing that he is safe won't keep the Indian from death in the waterfall. If it would, the thing for us to do would be to get off in our little corners and believe,

believe just as hard as we can that everything is all right--spring is here, birds are singing, everybody loves everybody, the world is just one big happy family..... But it isn't! ✓ 1 + #

When faith is not founded on truth, when it does not rest on solid ground, it is an empty bubble, a snare and a delusion. To believe in belief is spiritual suicide. Japan will find it out, and Germany some hard day. Only the historic fact of the resurrection can change our Christian faith and hope from wishful thinking into glorious reality. There is nothing empty about the Christian's faith. It rests solidly upon the ^{greatest} best attested fact of history. Faith demands the resurrection.

I suppose that in this the first week of Lent our thoughts should be turning to the death and humiliation of our Lord. But it is the resurrection that gives the deepest meaning to Lent. After all, it is more Roman Catholic than Protestant to give forty days to musing on the death of Christ, and only one week to celebrating his victory. Sorrow is not Christian unless it is undergirded with hope,] and as faith gives hope to life, so the resurrection gives hope to faith.

Martin Luther used to say that when the devil came and tempted him with gloom and shadow, doubt and despair, he had one way by which he could always drive him away. He would get up and go to the wall of the room, and take a piece of chalk, and write, "Dominus vivit, vivit." "The Lord lives, He is alive." "And the devil could never stand that," said Martin Luther.

"The Lord lives." With the knowledge of that fact hope comes surging in. See what it does to your Christian life. It brings assurance. The Bible is no longer to be read suspiciously as a hodge-podge of doubtful miracles. Everlasting life becomes more than "a consummation devoutly to

be wished." We have assurance of eternal life through Jesus Christ who rose again. He arose, and with that miracle all other miracles become possible. ^{A few years ago} ~~Just last year~~ the keenest professor of philosophy at Princeton University said to a group of students, "Gentlemen, I have no difficulty believing in miracles, because I believe in the two greatest miracles, the incarnation and the resurrection." With that assurance we drift no longer to the falls. We stand on the rock Christ Jesus who gives us hope.

And hope brings power. Give that doomed Indian as he is swept down stream some hope of reaching safety and he will no longer sit there with head bowed and arms folded. You will galvanize him into action; you will transform the apathy of despair into the power of hope. See how Christ changed the disciples weeping in the upper room into the martyrs that built the church. He gave them the power of hope.

It is a glad, clear light that shines forth from the empty tomb, a light of power and assurance, ^{and} ~~but it is also~~ a kindly light, for hope brings comfort into a dark world. Out of the shadows Newman prayed,

"The night is dark, and I am far from home;
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And because that kindly light had shined, his prayer was a prayer of hope:

"Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

To many in days like these that is the only hope left. But it is hope

and comfort enough, for Jesus has gone before and we shall see him *and them* face to face.

Today we stand in the shadow of the crumbling of Empires, and the noise of the guns and the cries of the dying are heavy in our ears. If we have no faith the falls are just ahead. Life demands faith. But if we have faith alone, and Christ be not risen from the dead, then our faith is vain and the salt spray of death is already on our lips. Faith demands the resurrection.

But Christ is risen! There is no despair, no death for the Christian. The river falls down to the sea, but we stand on the Rock Christ Jesus. The light of the resurrection is in our souls, and with Luther we write large across the face of the dark years, "The Lord lives. The Lord lives." He is the rock that cannot be moved; He is the light that driveth away darkness; He is healing for the wounds of a weary world.

"Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings...."

"Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

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Text: I Cor. 15:14

Topic: FAITH AND THE EMPTY TOMB

"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Paul was not trying to convince his readers of the resurrection of Christ; he did not have to, they had no doubt about it. He was just trying to show them that their own hope of eternal life was assured ^{and guaranteed} by the Lord's victory over death.

Unfortunately this argument of Paul's does not hit our modern world with quite the electric force that it must have carried in the first century. The twentieth century is tough-minded. It does not like miracles. It only tolerates faith. ~~To say~~ to our world, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain," ^{and the world simply retorts,} ~~is only to get the answer,~~ "We've ^{had our doubts about} ~~suspected the vanity of~~ your preaching all along, and as for our faith, we don't have any." And the argument is shot to pieces. Not quite, however. Carry it back just one more step, ~~and~~ begin with life instead of faith, and Paul's argument catches this century where it hurts. It can deny its faith, but it can not deny life, and life has left it very much bewildered.

So the argument becomes: I. Life demands faith;
 II. Faith demands the resurrection;
 and III. The resurrection gives hope.

Life demands faith because life without it ends in moral chaos, and that ends in despair. ^{(Can you remember when people used} It is not so popular as it once was to say, "It makes no difference what you believe, it is how you live that counts." ^{That was life without faith. We tried it and it wasn't very happy. I was} ~~We have seen what life without faith is like.~~ It is like ^{the} an the Indian coming back from a hunt on Lake Erie. He falls asleep in his

canoe as it drifts down the stream and enters the rapids above Niagara. As the current sweeps him to destruction he is awakened by a cry from the shore and springs to his feet. But when he looks ahead at the white spray of the falls he sees at a glance that his doom is sealed, and without a single cry or effort resumes his seat, folds his arms, and with the stoicism of his race is hurled to death. Hope had died out of the man.

saw after the last war
We ~~have seen~~ that life without faith ~~is~~ like that. Things
too went ~~so~~ smoothly, *and we went to sleep,* ~~but~~ there was destruction ahead. Wise men, like President Hutchins of Chicago, cried out from the shore:

"With a superfluity of goods," he warned, "we are sinking into poverty. With a magnitude of gadgets we are no happier than we were before. With a declining death rate we have yet to discover what we should do with our lives. With a hatred of war we are heading inevitably toward it. *(*With a love of liberty we see much of the world in chains."*)*

Many a man admitted that the root of the problem was the world's moral flabbiness, and they looked for an easy way out. They tried morality without religion, which is life without faith. With happy casualness they said, "We have been living wrong; now let us all live right." But they kept drifting toward the edge of the falls.

It is not enough to decide to live right. Anyone who has made a New Year's resolution knows that. You can see it most clearly, perhaps, in the Huxleys, who have been often pointed out as the classic example of the moral decay that follows loss of faith. Thomas Huxley, a great biologist, thought that evolution had destroyed God, but he still

chose to cling to morality. And a good ^{moral} ~~Christian~~ life he lived all his days, a life that put many a Christian's life to shame. But that good life of his was rotten at the roots. It lasted just one generation. His son ~~Julian~~ became a ~~great~~ writer. Like his father he gave up religion, but thinking the thing through he came to the correct conclusion that if there is no truth to religion there is no morality. So he gave up both religion and morality. Read his books and see what it did for him. Read the pessimism and despair in them. [The sequel to this family history is that Aldous Huxley, grandson of Thomas ~~and son of Julian~~, reacting against the despair and disillusionment into which his father's complete religious and moral skepticism had led him, is now slowly groping his way back to morality and religion.]

It is a ~~defiant~~ lie to say, "It makes no difference what you believe, it is how you live that counts." It is the hollow ^(bravery) of a generation that had lost the meaning of life. It is the courage _{of} of despair, the courage of Henley's Invictus:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

That spirit is the spirit of inevitable defeat. ^{It does not make a difference} _{Life demands faith.}

[If there is any lesson ^{to be learned} (at all) from the Henleys and the Huxleys, it is this:] we can coast along with the current of Christian morality just so long. Without the Christian faith that gave us that morality, we are coasting to destruction. Many a man like Huxley and Henley and more recently Bertrand Russell has awakened to the peril too late, and has folded his arms, bowed his head, and ^(with the courage of unyielding despair) ~~watched~~ ^{wanted to see} his world hurl itself to destruction. It does make a difference what you believe. Life without faith is life without hope.

And right there the resurrection must come into the picture like

sunshine into a dark world, into the very center of the picture, for the resurrection is the heart of the Christian faith. Life demands faith, yes, but faith demands the resurrection. Take the resurrection out of Christianity, and ^{as Paul says, Xty} religion becomes the great lie, the great cheat. Take the resurrection out of your faith, and you have committed spiritual suicide. "If Christ be not risen...your faith is vain."

(The resurrection alone gives reality to faith) And yet, strangely enough, some of those who will grant very readily the necessity of faith for life, deny the necessity of the resurrection as the foundation of faith. ^{But they say -} Faith alone is what counts, ^{they say,} and faith in one thing is as good as faith in another. ^{They see that faith is} ~~It~~ becomes the great morale builder. ^{We need faith:} Life goes to pieces without it. Nations go to pieces without it! So faith becomes a sort of political football. Hitler uses it, and builds up faith in race and destiny. Japan uses it, and builds up faith in the Emperor. Democracy wakes up, and reaches out for the nearest faith at hand, Christianity, which it conveniently identifies with democracy. So faith finds itself very popular once more. It is as easy to say today, "It doesn't make any difference what you believe, so long as you believe," ^{something.} as it was ten years ago to say, "It doesn't make any difference what you believe so long as you live right."

But our text is a grim warning against that sort of thinking. "If Christ be not risen...your faith is vain." Can anyone honestly think that if he believes strongly enough in democracy, or in peace and goodness and beauty and love and friendship, it will make all those good things come true? Does Japanese faith in the Emperor make him a God? ^{Faith alone in} Believing a thing never made it true. Standing up in the canoe and believing that he is safe won't keep the Indian from death in the waterfall. If it would, the thing for us to do would be to get off in our little corners and believe,

believe just as hard as we can that everything is all right--spring is here, birds are singing, everybody loves everybody, the world is just one big happy family..... But it isn't! ✓

When faith is not founded on truth, when it does not rest on solid ground, it is an empty bubble, a snare and a delusion. To believe in belief is spiritual suicide. Japan will find it out, and Germany some hard day. Only the historic fact of the resurrection can change our Christian faith and hope from wishful thinking into glorious reality. There is nothing empty about the Christian's faith. It rests solidly upon the ^{greatest} best attested fact of history. Faith demands the resurrection.

I suppose that in this the first week of Lent our thoughts should be turning to the death and humiliation of our Lord. But it is the resurrection that gives the deepest meaning to Lent. After all, it is more Roman Catholic than Protestant to give forty days to musing on the death of Christ, and only one week to celebrating his victory. Sorrow is not Christian unless it is undergirded with hope,] and as faith gives hope to life, so the resurrection gives hope to faith.

Martin Luther used to say that when the devil came and tempted him with gloom and shadow, doubt and despair, he had one way by which he could always drive him away. He would get up and go to the wall of the room, and take a piece of chalk, and write, "Dominus vivit, vivit." "The Lord lives, He is alive." "And the devil could never stand that," said Martin Luther.

"The Lord lives." With the knowledge of that fact hope comes surging in. See what it does to your Christian life. It brings assurance. The Bible is no longer to be read suspiciously as a hodge-podge of doubtful miracles. Everlasting life becomes more than "a consummation devoutly to

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Samuel H. Moffett
Class Sermon
February 23, 1942

FAITH AND THE EMPTY TOMB

Text: "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain,
and your faith is also vain." I Cor. 15:14

Outline:

Introduction. Paul's argument still holds.

I. Life demands faith.

- A. Life without faith ends in moral chaos.
- B. Moral Chaos ends in despair.

II. Faith demands the empty tomb.

- A. Faith without the resurrection is delusion.
- B. The resurrection changes faith from wishful thinking into glorious reality.

III. The empty tomb gives hope.

- A. The assurance of hope.
- B. The power of hope.
- C. The comfort of hope.

Conclusion. We stand in a dark world, but the light of the resurrection is in our souls.

This is Ascension Day. It is the day in the Church calendar which marks the ascension of our Lord into heaven, the last of his 40 days on earth after the resurrection - those 40 days of life after death on earth which so baffle our modern minds.

I was interested in an incident that occurred on Fr. Coffin's recent trip thru China.

That makes Ascension Day seem like a relic of the Dark Ages. Our 20th c. is tough-minded. We don't like miracles. We only tolerate faith. Our 20th c. has directly contradicted Paul's ringing ^{declaration} statement about the importance of those 40 resurre. days - "If X^t be not raised from the dead then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

"Quit preaching then," says the 20th c. "Quit believing. It doesn't make any difference what you believe, it's how you live that counts."

Asc. Day baffled us. We couldn't quite understand - so we gave it up. We tried life without faith, merely without religion. But it did not work. It's not enough to decide to live w/out. Now you read. And life without faith is not even happy - Herley. Life without faith is miserable death. Life demands faith.

But faith in what. We learn slowly.

see Easter: Faiths Empty Tomb.

BREAD, BLOOD AND FIRE.
I Cor. 10: 16-17; Acts 2:2-4

"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion in the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion in the body of Christ? Because there is one loaf, we who are many are one body, for we all partake of the same loaf." (I Cor. 10:15-17)

"When the day of Pentecost had come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly a sound came from heaven like the rush of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them tongues as of fire, distributed and resting on each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit.." (Acts 2:2-4)

I must confess that I am having second thoughts about the sermon title, "Bread, Blood and Fire" (looks a bit out of place in a church bulletin. It sounds more like a crime-and-violence detective story better suited for a long eleven hour flight from Hong Kong to Seatac than for a communion service.

I know) it's over-dramatic. But it does fit the one day of /the church year when a communion service coincides with Pentecost Sunday. The bread and the blood are the loaf and the cup of the Lord's Supper. And the fire, of course, is for Pentecost. ~~And the connection is appropriate.~~ We can't be completely sure, but it is quite possible ~~that~~ when the apostles "gathered together in one place" that day, as Luke describes Pentecost-- ~~it is possible that~~ ^{that} they ~~had~~ ^{came} together to celebrate the Lord's Supper, for that is what the Lord ~~was~~ had told them to do. And it was there that the fire fell, and ^{there} they felt the power of the Spirit.

But whether they were gathered around the table that day or not, the bread and the blood and the fire belong together in the Christian life,-- not just then, and not just this Sunday, but every day if we would truly follow Jesus.

Nevertheless...

Nevertheless there is something about communion services ~~like~~, and especially about Pentecost, that seems to make sober, orderly Presbyterians a little uncomfortable. ^{I suppose it's} ~~It may be~~ the air of mystery and ancient magic with which the Middle Ages treated the ~~elements, the~~ bread and ^{the} wine, which offends our simpler Puritan taste. And the extravagant emotions of a Pentecostal meeting seem quite out of place in ~~the austere, theological atmosphere of~~ a Reformed service of worship. Presbyterians don't go for extremes. We're not as mystically sacramentarian as Catholics at mass. Our worship centers more about preaching the Word, than celebrating a miracle. And we don't break out of our proper, three-point sermons into strange tongues like Pentecostals;--at least not very often.

And yet.. And yet, like the apostles we do receive the bread and we drink the wine at every communion service. And we have placed two tongues of the pentecostal fire burning on either side of the cross in the official seal of our own Presbyterian church. Common sense Presbyterians we may be, but ~~we dare not neglect the bread, and the blood and the fire. They~~ are the very essence of ~~the~~ spiritual life and power ⁱⁿ of the Christian faith.

I. First the BREAD. It is the bread which we receive first at every communion service. ~~The bread~~ ^{It} ^{the} is a sign of our Christian unity in Christ. Paul uses a dramatic paradox to make the point. The one loaf of bread, ^(1 Cor. 10. 16-17) Paul reminds his quarreling Corinthians, signifies that as the Body of Christ is one body, so also the Church is one. Not ^{Paul} ~~Peter~~ against ^{Peter} ~~Paul~~ ^{as he told the Cor. Thim} (and not ^{Luther} ~~Presbyterians~~ against ^{or any other Christian} Lutherans or Baptists). We are all one in Jesus Christ. ~~We come in many parts, we Christians -- Catholics, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Pentecostals -- but we all partake of the one loaf.~~ We are ^{as we often say every time we repeat the Apostle's Creed: "We believe in"} His Body, one Church, ~~That is why we say,~~ the holy-catholic church, that is, the church universal. ~~From Korea to~~ We are, or at least we should be

~~Purgatory and from here to everywhere, we are~~ "one great fellowship of love around the whole wide earth.

But how shamefully, in actual practice, we Christians reverse that Biblical pattern. The loaf of bread is given to remind us of how Jesus gave his body to be broken; ^{so} that we might be made whole and unbroken. But we take his Body, the Church, and as John Calvin wrote long ago, we quarrel and split and thereby we tear Christ's body apart and crucify him all over again.

Eileen and I have just returned from a visit to Korea and China. Both are wonderfully encouraging examples of churches alive and growing despite great persecution. In Korea only a few miles from the North Korean communist border, we attended a down-town Presbyterian church started by refugees fleeing from the north only 43 years ago with 27 members which now in that one congregation has fifty or sixty thousand members. (I'm not talking about a Baptist church; I'm talking about a Presbyterian church with over fifty thousand members.) Some say there are now more Presbyterians in little Korea than there are in all America.

And then ⁱⁿ there is China, When the Chinese communists arrested me and threw me out of the country forty years ago, they ^{cheerfully} told me that once they could get rid of ~~the~~ foreign missionaries, ^{like me,} the Chinese church would wither away and disappear, ^{but now} ~~But what has actually happened is that~~ it is ^{the} communists ~~who are~~ ^{which are} withering away, ~~not Christianity,~~ and the Chinese church is stronger than ever. When I left back in 1950 we could count only about 3 million Christians in China. Today, in spite of all the communists ~~could~~ ^{that} ~~did~~ do to try ~~to~~ ^{and} wipe them out, there are probably ten times as many Chinese Christians as when the revolution began. Then 3 million; today at least 30 million.

But there is another side that must be told. What the communists could not do to the church from the outside; Christians may unwittingly be doing to themselves from the inside. They are forgetting the lesson of the loaf of bread on the Lord's Table. The greatest danger facing Chinese Christianity today is not communism, but Christian disunity. It has taken the form of a perilous, growing split in the Chinese church. It sets the fast-growing "house churches" of secret believers against what are called the "open churches" of the government-approved "three-self movement". The "house churches" are cell groups of people who left their church buildings to meet quietly in their homes, believing that this was the only way to survive under an anti-Christian dictatorship without compromising their faith and practice. The "three-self", open churches, on the other hand, felt it was equally important to keep some visible Christian presence alive in communist China as an open witness for Christ. They succeeded, in winning government acceptance, but only at the cost of some negotiated compromises with the revolutionary regime. Both had good reasons for what they did, but the result is a divided church in China. It is no longer "one loaf", and the Body of Christ is torn again.

In Korea, the context is different, but the splits are even more obvious and abrasive. Presbyterians, for example, are by far the largest Christian group -- three times as large as the Korean Catholic church--but they are so divided that some people call them the "Split P's (P for Presbyterian). Where else in the world will you find a Jesus Presbyterian Church and a Christ Presbyterian Church, and Jesus isn't talking to Christ.

"Is Christ divided?" Paul asked the Corinthians. No. There is only one loaf at communion. How then can Christians partake of the bread of their unity in Christ here at communion, and then go and betray that unity

by continuing to quarrel among themselves and divide the church? We are badly divided right here in our American churches. Is there any hope for Christian unity? Yes. But the hope, lies not in ourselves, and our feeble attempt to patch up the pieces. The hope--strange as it may sound to modern ears-- is in the blood. For it is blood that gives life to the body, and the blood I'm speaking of is not ours, but Christ's. That's what the cross is all about. It's not theater. It is salvation, and it is the only hope for peace and unity in the church and in the world.

II. THE BLOOD. So after the bread, we receive the wine, which represents the blood of Christ. "This cup", said Jesus, "is the new covenant in my blood." If the loaf of bread is the sign of our unity, the cup is a reminder that true unity comes only through the finished work of Christ on the cross. Again Paul uses paradox to describe it. "Through Him [Christ]", Paul wrote to the Colossians, "[God] reconciled to himself all things..., making peace by the blood of the cross." How great was the price he paid for our salvation. How much he suffered to bring us back to God and closer to each other. The old hymn says it best:

"See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown? "

I learned some more about what that means from a group of Korean Christians at a communion service I attended not long after the Korea War, A friend asked me to help him serve communion in a village which had been almost completely destroyed when MacArthur landed at Inchon and advanced on communist-held Seoul. His way was blocked there at Haengju by the retreating enemy. So the Americans wheeled up their big guns. I have learned since then that the percussive effect of an artillery attack is

much more powerful if the shells are dropped all at one time on an object than if the same number land only one at a time. That was what happened to Haengju. The guns were trained in unison on the village, and the electric timers pushed off the deadly missiles in one great blinding explosion that completely wiped out the tiny hamlet. Every home was destroyed. 70 of the 100 houses were the homes of Christians. Only their little church, partly protected by a small hill, was left standing. It still bore the scars of the shelling.

As we came to the words of invitation to the Lord's Supper, I noticed that many in the congregation were weeping, and I wondered if they were remembering the terrors of that dreadful day. I also wondered if they resented our American presence, missionaries though we were, since the guns which had destroyed their village were American guns. But as I watched them, and listened to their murmured prayers, I heard no resentment, only thanksgiving for their liberation, and I suddenly realized that the tears were not for themselves, but for Jesus and for how he had suffered for them on the cross. That was what they were remembering. It was his great love that so moved them. And I felt a stab of guilt thinking how often I have come without tears to communion; thinking how often my thoughts have been more of myself than of Jesus. But here were my brothers and sisters in Christ, Korean Christians, who had lost everything, but who came to communion not to feel sorry for themselves, but to remember Him. "This do in remembrance of me".

Our hymns don't sing much any more about the blood of Christ, do they. And I don't find many Presbyterians here weeping in repentance for the sins that sent Jesus to the cross. Perhaps we have too much, and share so little with those who have less, and sacrifice almost nothing for Him who suffered for us, that we prefer not to be reminded of the blood. If so, it is not too late to drink again today of the cup, and give thanks for "the new covenant in his blood" then we can stop weeping and claim the promise that the cup of His suffering is the cup of our blessing. which the cup represents holds the promise that. Then we can move beyond the sorrows of the cross into the joy and power of Pentecost.

III. The last of today's three points is FIRE. Bread, Blood, and Fire. At Pentecost, after the bread and the wine, came the fire. It stands for the Holy Spirit, and the power of the Spirit. Here I learned another lesson ~~on this~~ from those Korean Christians. They didn't stay in church after the communion service. They had confessed and repented of their sins. They had been forgiven. So they got up, sang a spirited hymn, and went out to face life in the power of the Spirit. I watched them at Haengju. They were no longer weeping. They were smiling and happy, and busily getting ready for house to house visitation after church among their non-Christian friends in the village. There was nothing compulsory about it. They enjoyed it. They simply visited, and talked about the foreigners who had come for church, and in a low-key friendly way reminisced about how they had pulled their lives back together after the tragedy with the new-found strength of their Christian faith. It was all done so simply and naturally that no one resented it, and it was changing the spirit of the

whole village. Changing it from self-pity to a determination to build the village new again out of the ruins left by the war.

Multiply that about a thousand times--for the churches have been growing in Korea at four times the growth-rate of the population as a whole -- and you find at least one factor to explain the amazing recovery of South Korea after the war. [An isolated, backward economic basket case has become one of the modern miracles of the third world.] A demoralized, ravaged nation managed to turn ^{its} utter poverty into the fastest growing export economy in the world. They call it one of the four "little tigers", along with Taiwan, Hong Kong and Singapore--fast catching up to the "big tiger", Japan, and furnishing such an incredible contrast to communist North Korea; which is still a ^{economic} basket-case, that Asia ^{began to} lose faith in communism even before Eastern Europe. ^{Korea in the south} ~~It~~ is hardly recognizable as the same country in which my father landed just a hundred years ago ~~this year~~, in 1890. If anyone had told me when I was growing up there as a boy that that country of ox-carts and open sewers would one day be exporting automobiles to an America which invented the motor car, I would have thought they were out of their minds.

But the more important change, to my mind has been the spiritual. The Korean church is far from perfect. I have already mentioned its sad divisions. But when my father landed there were only two little Protestant churches in all Korea, north and south. Today there are six thousand Protestant churches in the city of Seoul alone.

What made the Korean church grow? They asked my father that at the 50th anniversary of Protestant missions in Korea, in 1934. There are many reasons--good missionary methods, Korean openness to the gospel, Christian support of the Korean independence movement, the decline of the old

religions, and many more. But my father chose to emphasize only two. "The church has grown," he said, "because for the last fifty years we have held up before the people the Word of God, and the Holy Spirit has done the rest." That's what made the church grow in Korea.

Bread, blood, and fire--the three elements. And each raises a final, closing question for us right here. The loaf of bread is the unity of the church, the body of Christ. We sing, "They will know we are Christians by our love". Will they? Will they really?

The blood is the saving work of Christ. And we sing "Were you there when they nailed him to the cross". Were you? Then what difference has it made in the way you live?

The fire is the power of the Spirit. And we sing, "Spirit of the living God, fall afresh on me". Then where has all the power gone?

Those are the questions I ask myself when I come to communion, in a Presbyterian church, on a Pentecost Sunday.

-- Samuel Hugh Moffett
Puyallup, Washington
June 2, 1990

Samuel H. Moffett
Class Sermon
March 11, 1940

Text: Acts 1:8a
Topic: The Secret of a Powerful Church

Introduction: Contrast the disciples before and after Pentecost.
What changed them from a discouraged, leaderless little band into the bold band that preached the gospel to the ends of the earth.

- I. The Secret of Power is the Holy Spirit.
 - A. He is incarnated in the church.
 - B. He is its leader.
 - C. His power is mightier than the power of the world.

- II. The Church Needs this power.
 - A. Statistics from the national church.
 - B. Statistics from the foreign field.
 - C. Inadequacy of a church without the Spirit.

- III. The Church Can Have this Power.
 - A. The responsibility is personal
 - B. The power is available.

Conclusion: Surrender to the will of God. Only then can the power of the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit pour forth in effective witness.

(Note: I am rewriting the introduction and conclusion, and reversing the order of the sub-points under III.)

Samuel H. Moffett
Class Sermon

Text: Acts 1:8a
Topic: The Secret of a Powerful Church

"Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you." (This is a verse that binds in close-knit unity the gospels and the Acts.) ^{That promise} It points from the Ascension to Pentecost, and beyond Pentecost, keynoting all the glorious, spirit-filled history of the early church. It is a verse of transition. On a bare hillside near Jerusalem, the Master checks the bewilderment and the rising fears of his disciples with this promise of another who will come to fill his place among them. And when he had said these last words he was caught up from them into heaven.

(The Master had left them. (Still unbelieving they gazed long into heaven, looking for Him to reappear. A Greek, wise and sophisticated, would have laughed at the naive credulity written on their upturned faces.) Still unbelieving, and a bit frightened, they ^{trudged} trooped down the hill, silent and very thoughtful. (A Roman would have laughed at the ^{undisciplined} way they straggled along, for all the world like men who had just lost a leader.) But there was no one to see, and had there been I doubt that anyone would have paid much attention to that sorry-looking little group. There were more important things to engage the attention of serious men that day: rumors of a conspiracy against the life of Caesar in Rome, a threatened grain shortage in Egypt, fresh successes against the Germans across the Rhine.

But here is a paradox: Greece and Rome are dead, yet this credulous, leaderless, outcast little band lives on in history, a history they did more to shape in fifty years than did Greece and Rome in 800.

Within twenty years that sneering Greek might have heard an associate of these men stand on Mars Hill and penetrate straight to the rotten core of a crumbling Greek philosophy. (In forty years the temple, the heart of Jerusalem, lay bleeding in the dust, not one stone upon another. These men had predicted it.) In less than fifty years they preached the gospel in the very palace of the Emperor, and not all the legions of Rome could halt its triumphant march. Today men have forgotten about the plot against Tiberius; they have forgotten about grain shortages in the Empire, and about border raids across the Rhine; but they will never forget James and John, Peter and Paul, Matthew and Philip and Andrew.

What was the secret? The gospel had died in the hearts of the disciples that bitter day when Christ left them. But in the figure of a modern poet, as

"blue, bleak embers fall,
gall themselves,
and gash gold-vermillion"

as dead coals drop from the fire to break open in a shower of live sparks, so the gospel sprang to life again at Pentecost. What power was it that could transform that ordinary, leaderless little group into the bold band of men who rose from their knees in an upper room to preach forth the gospel in a blaze of power to the ends of the world?

The answer is clear and sharp-cut. Christ had promised, "Ye shall receive power." And in the same breath he revealed the secret

of this power: "when the Holy Spirit shall come upon you." The secret of that power which Jesus promised in his last words on earth is the personal presence of the Holy Spirit in the church. [Here is proof of God's love. He would not leave His church alone, but when the Son was called from us into heaven, ^{the Father} sent down His Spirit to take His place.] When God came to earth in Jesus Christ he took on Him a physical body. But when He came at Pentecost, His only incarnation was the church. The Bible speaks of the Spirit clothing himself with the prophets that he might speak through them. At Pentecost he clothed Himself with the church. And as a dynamo leaps to life at the touch of the current, so the disciples stirred with new life and a strange power at the coming of the Spirit.) The church had found its leader. It had found the secret of power.

This is a sobering thought, a tremendous thought: God is in the church today. [And a comforting thought it is, too. He leads and guides in its counsels; he cleanses it spiritually;] ~~maxfillxxxix~~ But more than that, it is ^{a dynamit} an empowering ^{thought} truth. He fills it with a vital, flooding power for effective Christian witness. This is an age of power. Man has harnessed the forces of nature for power. His mechanical skill has released to him the power of the machine. Science is smashing the atom in search of more power, still more power. It is an age of power industry, power politics, power diplomacy. And yet, mightier than all the ^opower of the world is the power of the Holy Spirit; God in the church.

Would anyone, looking at the church today, believe this. ^{claim?} Would anyone really believe that all the power of the Holy Spirit is still at the church's command? Gloomy Dean Inge writes:

"We are losing our Christianity mainly because Christianity is really a creed for heroes, and we are

harmless, good-natured little people who want everybody to have a good time."

Is that the power of the Holy Spirit in the church?

Last year in the four major denominations of this country, 19,000 churches reported not one convert, not even one baptism on confession of faith! With all our great churches and our millions of Christians it takes fifty-four American church members a whole year to bring one new member into the church. ^{That is a static church. Where is the dynamic of} ~~What a contrast to Pentecost!~~ Filled with the Spirit, (in one day) twelve men held a street-meeting in Jerusalem and swept three thousand souls into the kingdom.

Your watch could tick for nine and one-half years without numbering the unbelievers in China alone. There are ten million more non-Christians in the world today than there were fifteen years ago. But the Protestant church has 423 fewer missionaries than it did then. That is ^a retreat^{ing} ^{church. Where is} ~~It cannot be~~ the power of the Holy Spirit in the church?

Not since the days of the glory of the papacy has the church been so rich as in our generation. Money can build fine churches, but only the Holy Spirit can fill them. Not since the days of Thomas Aquinas and the hair-splitting Scholastics has the church been defended by so many keen intellects. Great minds can preach great sermons, but only the Spirit can break down the barriers of human hearts to receive the gospel message. The church is better organized than at any time since the Reformation, and that is well, but it takes more than a smooth-running machine to win souls. The church is beginning to recognize the importance of Christian ^{Education}; but too often our shiny new methods of Christian Education have fitted ^v Christians nicely into this world, instead of fitting them for

the next; our new techniques too often adjust the youth of the church to society as it is, instead of so maladjusting them that they will go forth in the power of the Spirit to change society. We are more conscious of our social responsibilities as a church. But today we see a heart-broken generation, with the world tumbling about its ears, tragically admitting that a social gospel is pitifully inadequate in a sin-cursed world. If ever the church needed the power of the Holy Spirit it needs it now.

This is a dark picture. Perhaps it is only one side of the picture, but it is a side that must be faced. The shadows are dark upon the world, and dark upon the church. We are more like the heavy-hearted leaderless little group leaving the hillside near Jerusalem, than the power-filled church at Pentecost.

Yes, it is a dark picture. What is the matter? (What is wrong?) The Holy Spirit has not left His church. Still with us and in us is all the power of the Holy Spirit. ^{The power is available,} But we are not using it.

We are more naive even than the native chieftans Lawrence of Arabia brought with him to the Paris Peace Conference. These sons of the desert were amazed at many things, but nothing else astonished them so much as the running water in their hotel rooms. They knew the scarcity of water and its value: yet here it was, to be had by the turning of a tap, free and exhaustless. When they were preparing to leave Paris, Lawrence found them trying to detach the faucets, so that, out in their deserts they might have water. He tried to explain that behind the flowing water were huge reservoirs, and that without this supply the faucets were useless. But the Arabians insisted. They were sure that armed with these magic instruments they would have an exhaustless source of water.

Are we not even more credulous in our Christian lives.

The Arabians expected water from unattached faucets: we look for water to run from a closed tap. In our souls are the deep reservoirs of the indwelling presence ~~of the indwelling presence~~ of the Holy Spirit, wells of water springing up into everlasting life. When God in his grace called us to salvation, he filled us with the Spirit, and yet we ~~have~~ ^{can} ~~the power of keeping~~ him from controlling life, and filling it with power. (God is sovereign, omnipotent, creating all things and ordering the end from the beginning, and yet feeble, puny little man has the power to resist him. The power of the Spirit is in us, but as we can resist God, so we can resist the Spirit, keeping his power bottled up, unreleased.) The Holy Spirit cannot work through an unyielded life.

^{I think}
There is not one of us but is concerned for the church. We covet for it a great revival of spiritual power. But remember, the responsibility is very personal. We cannot generalize it and call it the responsibility of the church, for the Spirit can indwell the church only as he enters the hearts of believers. It is your responsibility and mine.

The promise of the Holy Spirit sent the disciples to an upper room to wait and pray. It should send us to the quiet of our rooms to wrestle on our knees with unbelief and pride and selfishness. It should send us to wait before the Lord, all self-sufficiency gone, all pride abased, all ambition resigned to his perfect will for our lives. And in waiting we shall receive power. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you". That power is still theirs who are completely yielded to the will of God.

Samuel H. Moffett
Class Sermon

Text: Acts 1:8a

Topic: The Secret of a Powerful Church

There was nothing very striking about that little group on the bare hillside. Galileans evidently, from their dress, and all of them looking up into heaven like the curious country people they were. A Greek, passing by, would have sneered at the naive credulity written on their upturned faces. A Roman would have laughed at the undisciplined way they came straggling down the hill a little later, for all the world like men who had just lost a leader. And many a Jew passed them, and spat at them as he passed. Outcasts they were, followers of a crucified blasphemer. But on the whole, no one paid much attention to the sorry-looking group; there were more important things to engage the attention of serious people,--rumors of a conspiracy against the life of Caesar in Rome, a threatened grain shortage in Egypt, and fresh successes against the Germans across the Rhine.

But here is a paradox of history. Greece and Rome are dead,
^{yet}
~~but~~ this credulous, leaderless, outcast little band lives on in history, a history they did more to shape in fifty years than did Greece and Rome in 800.

Within twenty years that sneering Greek might have heard one of their fellows stand on Mars Hill and penetrate straight to the rotten

Wisdom

James: 3:13-4:8.

3:13 - New test of wisdom. A good life.

3:15. Meekness of wisdom - lack of strife.

Any wisdom that separates us from fellow
dws. - "not from above" of coals

4:1 - Strife + Sin.

4000 yrs. - 268 yrs. of peace . . .

The problem of sin -

4:5: - Blame on sin + settle back -

disposed of matter. Not so easy.

that sin is in us!

4:6. James - "We know ourselves to be
with our people in a great company of
suffering, but also in a great solidarity of
guilt."

Paul more than heart needs changing

James practical - "cleanse your hands."

4:8. Plato - "Not easy to find the Father + Creator

of all existence; + when found, impossible to
make him known to all. Diff. of revelation

Why. 1) Father seeks

2) - + i. be liked up . . .

See from all lands from the coles of the
ocean

Prize to the Saviour as well as high
Feller the signs of war & commotion
Shouts of salvation as rending the sky."

PENTECOST
12/14/49

Power in witness

YOU SHALL RECEIVE POWER

(Acts 1:8; 2:1-8, 12-21)

Easter and Pentecost belong together. ^{Take} Easter ^{for the church} without Pentecost, ~~is~~ and you have it incomplete; and Pentecost without Easter never happens. So as we meet today between Easter and Pentecost to think and speak and pray about renewal, let me take my text and Scripture Lesson from the first two chapters of the Book of Acts, a section of the Bible which describes what happened to those first Christians in the critical period after the resurrection and up to the day of the gift of the Spirit. Hear the Word of God as it is found in Acts 1:8, and 2:1-8, 12-13:

"He said to them, 'It is not for you to know times or seasons which the Father has fixed by his own authority. But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth!'"

"When the day of Pentecost had come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly a sound came from heaven like the rush of a mighty wind, and it filled ~~all~~ the house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them tongues as of fire, distributed and resting on each one of them. And they were all ~~filled~~ filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance... And all were amazed and perplexed, saying to one another, 'What does this mean?' But others said, 'They are filled with new wine.'"

Last Sunday more millions of Christians went to church, I suppose, than on any other single Sunday of the year. For most ^{of us} it was a great experience, a spiritual experience. But as most of us also find out, ^{very soon,} Easter isn't enough. It was not Easter that brought renewal ~~and~~ power to the disciples. ~~It was Pentecost. It's true that there is no Pentecost without an Easter. But~~ The power did not come until Pentecost. Before then, renewal was only a promise. "You shall receive ~~power~~."

PENTECOST

I. The Promise

I wish I could be sure that the disciples really believed that promise. ^{"You shall receive power.."} They were about as unrenewed and powerless and puzzled a little group there on the bare hillside outside Jerusalem as one could find. All they wanted to know was "When will you bring in the kingdom, Jesus?" It was the wrong question,--the wrong time for a political question-- and he turned them away. "That is not for you to know". ^{But} ~~Instead~~, because he loved them, he gave them a promise, ~~a promise of spiritual renewal~~. "You will receive power..when the Holy Spirit comes, and you will be my witnesses..to the ends of the earth." Then he left them. He left them with all their questions unanswered. He left them still unrenewed, still puzzled, still powerless. But isn't that how renewal always begins, with a promise of power for those who are without power or have lost it. ~~still unrenewed, still puzzled, still powerless.~~

That is how it began in Korea, about a hundred years ago. ~~now~~. This ~~is the~~ year the Korean church will celebrate a hundred years of Protestant Christianity, ~~in that land~~. ^{But in some ways, those first Christians weren't much to celebrate.} ~~They weren't much to look at~~ those ~~first little groups of Korean Christians~~. One of the best of them was a converted saloon keeper. Only half-converted, ^{really for a while,} ~~at first~~. Another was a 27-year-old student of the classics who fancied himself a philosopher and whose greatest religious experience had been a dream that the moon had somehow risen in his stomach. Another was wrestling with the awful secret that he had taken a second wife before he was converted and could not bear to leave her.

^{Much like the disciples} But Jesus, before he left his disciples that day outside Jerusalem, ^{they weren't much to boast about.} ~~made them a promise, a promise of renewal. They thought they were losing their leader. He said, "I will send you Another". They thought they had no power. The kingdom had not come. He said, I will send you~~

^{But the gospel is}
~~power~~ The good news is ~~power~~ for the powerless, ~~not for the powerful~~.
 It is ~~resurrection for the dead, not the living~~. It is grace for the
 sinful, not for those who think they have no sin. It is healing for the
 sick, release for captives, sight for the blind, renewal for ~~the~~ empty hearts.
^{Pentecost is}
 and ~~the drained~~, power for the powerless.

And whether at that moment¹⁰ the disappointed little group believed
 the promise or not, ¹⁰they did the right thing. They trudged back down
 the hill ¹⁰to Jerusalem and "with the women, with one accord devoted
 themselves to prayer". ¹⁰Weren't there more important things to engage the attention of)

^{was re-labeled 4ms the Clinton}
 But prayer, says ¹⁰the world, is ~~an~~ escape from reality, a "cop-out".
 That is what my wife, Eileen, was told at a meeting near here not long
 after we had left Korea. She was speaking about the vitality and
 enthusiasm of the Korean Christians, and one woman asked her, "What did
 you do for ¹⁰the people imprisoned by the government over there." It was
 a good question, and not asked unkindly. But when Eileen paused, and
 answered, "Well, there wasn't too much we could do. We thought some had
 been imprisoned unjustly, and we visited them when we could. And we
 prayed for them regularly." That was when ^msomeone whispered audibly,
 "Cop-out".

Well, there are times when I, too, have been more tempted to
 revolution than to prayer. And perhaps it was revolution the disciples
 were thinking about when they asked Jesus, "Lord will you at this time
 restore the kingdom to Israel". But instead they prayed, and ~~if the~~
~~world paid any attention at all to that sorry little group it probably~~
~~thought they were "copping out"~~. ~~There were more important things to~~
~~engage the attention of~~ serious men and women that day: rumours of a
 conspiracy ¹⁰against the life of ^{Tiberias,} the emperor ¹⁰in Rome, Tiberias, and a

K 13

threatened famine in Egypt, and fresh successes by the military against the German barbarians across the Rhine. ^{Most people thought} Those were the issues that really mattered, and all ^{there} the Christians did was pray. *Prayer, says the world is an escape from reality*

But here is the paradox. The world has forgotten about that plot against Tiberias; it has forgotten the grain shortage in Egypt, and the border raids across the Rhine; but it has never forgotten that credulous, leaderless, outcast little band that trudged down the hill into Jerusalem, ~~wondering what Jesus meant about the power that was to come~~, --and took the time to pray, ~~about it~~.

N.Y. 1858

There was a time in Korea back about 80 years ago that missionaries and Korean Christians were so discouraged about the prospects for the church there that they began to wonder if the ²⁰ twenty years of pioneering ~~effort~~ since 1884 had been all in vain. The country was losing its independence, the missionaries were tired and the Korean Christians, like the Laodiceans, seemed to have "lost the love they had at first". ^{Then} It was a Canadian medical doctor ^{that} who called them not to give up but to pray. ^{The little prayer meetings and Bible studies he started were the first} ^{1904-1908.} ~~It was the~~ beginnings of the Great Korean Revival of 1907.

The Power

What happened? ^{What happened was power} What happens is that God keeps his promises. He had promised power to the powerless disciples ^{in the hillside outside} in Jerusalem. They went back into the city and prayed, and the power came. Suddenly, at Pentecost, "a sound came from heaven like the rush of a mighty wind, and fire..." The Spirit ^{descended} came, and life flamed again within them, like coals dropping from a fireplace, apparently dead, but breaking open in a shower of sparks. ^{There are} The words of a modern poet ^{that} can describe it:

"blue, bleak embers fall,
gall themselves,
and gash gold-vermillion."

~~The fire of the Spirit brought those blue, bleak hearts to life and transformed a~~ ^{plunged back into the} ^{of the disciples. It lifted} ~~dispirited little group of ordinary people into a band of~~

men and women ~~who rose from their knees in an upper room~~ ^{and sent them out} to begin to change the world ^{to Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, and to the ends of the earth. Pentecost was more than renewal.}

But I must confess that this record of ^{Not just} Pentecost ^{all wind and fire and the many tongues -} is a disconcerting passage to read today in a sober, ~~respectable~~ white chapel like this on a traditional Presbyterian campus like Princeton. It smacks a little too much of hot gospellers and holy rollers and quakers and shakers and enthusiasts, ~~doesn't it?~~ It hardly describes all that is best and most beautiful in Christian worship, does it? And yet the more I read of the history of the church, the more I am impressed with the fact that some of the most creative and effective periods in the church have been precisely those periods when the gospel was "hot" and not when it was most respectable.

If I were to pick my favorite spot in medieval Romanism I would choose the days of that gentle madman St. Francis of Assisi. And some of ^{the} Protestantism's ^{Protestant} greatest moments were ⁱⁿ during the times of Puritan enthusiasts and "great awakeners". [Princeton, in fact, was founded by revivalists like the Tennents who thought Yale and Harvard had lost the Spirit.] Quakers really quaked once, in the days of their intense beginnings; and when Methodism burned its way into the history of England and America, strong men roared and shook under the power of preachers like Wesley and Whitefield and Peter Cartwright. Long-haired dandies would come to Cartwright's camp-meetings. "They came to scoff," he wrote, "but they stayed to pray", and suddenly seized by the power, their backs would bend almost to the breaking, then, the tension suddenly released by the peace of the Spirit, they would straighten ^{up} with such force that their ~~long~~ hair cracked like whips. Strange, bizarre, and to me, a little frightening.

It was a call to mission.

But as someone has said, "The church of Christ has had more power when the world thought it was drunk, as at Pentecost, than when the world thought it was dead." Before we condemn the outer extravagances of those meetings, it might be well to ask what was the inward, quickening power that produced them.

In the first place, it was a cleansing power. Pentecost is rightly described as a filling of the Spirit. But before the filling, there was an emptying. Peter knew. On a dark night not long before he had felt the pain of the emptying. He heard a cock crow twice, and struck by the enormity of his sin, he "broke down and wept", says Mark. No cleansing, no power. So when the crowd, cut to the quick by his preaching, cried, "What shall we do?", Peter said, "Repent." Power without repentance is the wrong kind of power. "Repent," said Peter, "and be baptized..in the name of Jesus for the forgiveness of your sins; and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." (Acts 2:37-38)

It reminds me again of the Great Revival ~~of 1907~~ in Korea, ~~as~~ described by ~~A~~ Korean minister who was there: *described it .-*

"It was a great sign and wonder.. I saw some struggling to get up, then falling back in agony. Others again bounded to their feet to rid their souls of some long-covered sin. It seemed unwise that such confessions be made... But there was no help for it. We were under an awful and mysterious power, helpless-- missionaries as well as Koreans."

(Cited, J.S. Gale, Korea in Transition, p. 206 f.)

Those were sober Presbyterians ~~he~~ ^{that} was describing. A little surprising, ~~perhaps~~, but no less surprising than the fact that today, only eighty years later, they say that there are more Presbyterians in Korea than in the United States. First the repentance, then the cleansing, then the power.

The power of the Spirit is also the power of a great joy. One of the historians of the early days of Christianity has written, "Unless [you] can understand the constant mood of victorious, jubilant happiness.. ~~and confidence~~ [you] simply will not understand primitive (New Testament) Christianity." (Weiss). The crowds watching ^{the disciples} at Pentecost thought they were drunk. They were not. ^{They were not intoxicated with wine;} They were God-intoxicated. The Spirit had come to ~~dwell with~~ them, and it is no light thing to be the dwelling place of the living God. They were overcome, they were "surprised by joy".

The power of the Spirit is also the power ^{of a great love. Fruit God's love} ~~that comes from loving~~ ^{"In this is} ~~and being loved.~~ ^{love, with John - "not that we loved God but that He loved us. It's not a love we manufacture. It comes from God. It is given by the Spirit"} "The fruit of the Spirit is love," said Paul. Even the enemies of those early Christians noticed this. "Oh how they love one another!", they said. And the Emperor Julian, who hated Christians, complained, as if it was unfair, that "these Christians take care not only of their own poor, but of ours as well." Pentecost was no out-of-this-world experience; ~~it transformed life in this world too.~~ ^{in the cities} It put Christians ^{to} work for the poor; and it brought them closer ^{to each other} together in the church, ~~as well.~~ It was not a separating, ~~dividing~~ stroke of lightning, but a warming, uniting love.

In Korea, after the Great Revival, the Koreans said to the missionaries, "Some of you go back to John Calvin, and some to John Wesley, but we can go back no further than 1907 [and the revival] when we first really knew the Lord Jesus Christ." (J. Fowler-Willing, p. 21).

So there was cleansing, and joy and love, then, in the power that came at Pentecost. But the ~~source of all the power~~ ^{The power was not the wind or the fire either.} was not emotion, ~~but~~ ^{The power is} the Spirit who, with the Father and the Son, is the One God who creates, sustains and energizes all that ever was or is and will be. ~~It is the~~ ^{The Spirit is still the}

power, ~~of the Spirit~~, still a mystery, but ~~still~~ a presence and a power in our midst.

But, is that really true. Where is the power in our midst? I love the Church, and I believe in it--^{I love} in our ^{own} Presbyterian segment of it most of all. But where is the power?

At Pentecost, twelve men and the women praying with them, swept 3000 people into the fellowship in one day. But according to statistics I saw some years ago, in the American church it takes 54 Christians working a whole year to bring just one new member into the church. And among Presbyterians we lose more than we win. Has the Spirit left the church? Has the power gone? ~~I'm not sure about that.~~ Since coming back from Korea I have found more life in the old church than some give it credit for. But I must admit that our statistical record is utterly appalling.

Ten years ago Korea's Presbyterian churches decided to celebrate the centennial of Protestant Christianity in Korea by a campaign to double their membership by the hundredth anniversary year of 1984. Ten years to double their membership! They did it in six. In 1974 there were 1,500,000 Presbyterians; ^{in Korea} today there are 4 million. ~~in Korea.~~ ^{The largest Presbyterian Seminary in the world is not in Princeton. It's in Seoul, Korea. The largest Presb. club in} Now I do not worship statistics of church growth. I know there are tares in that wheat. But it says something about the ^{distribution} ~~amount~~ of spiritual power in the two churches to note that while Koreans were doubling their membership and more, we American United Presbyterians, as we were then, were losing about a third of ours.

Has the power gone? ^{from us?} ~~No.~~ I came across a comment in a letter from Africa which ^{helps me answer that question.} ~~should remind us that the power is still here.~~ It was from some African evangelists telling how they preached the gospel ~~there.~~ ^{in East Africa.}

This is what they said. "We did not begin to preach until we had called for the power of God. That power came. We took it and went forth to preach, and people came confessing Jesus like the fish of the sea in number."

Has the power gone? Not a bit. The power is still there. The trouble is with us. We do not call for the power. We don't get it. ~~We don't use it.~~ And we complain ^{that we don't have} ~~about lacking~~ it. We are more naive, even than the Arab chieftans Lawrence of Arabia brought with him to the Paris Peace Conference. These men of the desert were amazed at many things, but nothing astonished them half so much as the running water in their hotel rooms. They knew the scarcity of water, and its value, yet here it was, to be had by the turning of a tap, free and seemingly exhaustless. When they were preparing to leave Paris, Lawrence found them trying to detach the faucets so that out ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{to} their dry deserts they might always have ~~this~~ water. He tried to explain that behind the flowing taps were huge reservoirs, and that without this supply the faucets were useless. But the Arabs insisted. They were sure that these magic instruments would give them water forever.

Are we not even more credulous in our Christian lives? They expected water from unattached faucets. We look for water to run from a closed tap. In ^{the Holy Spirit} ~~our souls~~ are ~~the~~ deep reservoirs ^{of power,} ~~of the indwelling~~ presence ~~of the Holy Spirit,~~ wells of water springing up into everlasting life. But the Holy Spirit cannot flow through a closed tap. He cannot work through an unyielded life.

~~The promise of the power of the Spirit sent the disciples to an upper room to pray. It should send us also to wait before the Lord, all self-sufficiency gone, all pride abased, all ambition resigned to his~~

perfect will for our live. Eighty years ago in Korea ~~it sent~~ Dr. Hardie ^{went} to his knees to pray for renewal, and to confess before his fellow missionaries and before a Korean congregation his "shame and confusion..his pride, hardness of heart and lack of faith." Then came the inbreaking of the power. ^{But} ~~And~~ surprisingly, the leader of that Great Korean Revival of 1907 was not the missionary, ^{The great evangelist of that awakening was a young pastor, Kiel} ~~but~~ the confused young philosopher who had dreamed of the ^{power of the} moon in his stomach, but who ~~believed~~ ^{found} the promise ^{of the Lord,} and received the power ^{of the Spirit}.

~~There are many other explanations for the phenomenal vitality of that Korean church. Many of them are true, but they can never quite account for~~ The white-hot, almost volcanic upheaval that shook the church ^{that year has been called} ~~in that first decade of this century.~~ "The Korean Pentecost", ^{it} ~~has been called.~~ ^{But Pentecost is not Korean. It belongs to anyone who will truly seek it.} ~~It was the spiritual seal on the founding charter of the Korean church, and it is there for anyone who will truly seek it.~~

Jesus said, "You shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you."

- Samuel Hugh Moffett

Person not at all wild.

Very shock - put in world. All in death!
Should be no shock - we've seen death
before.

1. All things - cryptic present.
not long - but varied.

2. If heard voice - can happen again.
Perhaps is happening to Yang.

3. Only out in practice? Citadel seems.

Citadel is Europe - China hist. group.
Empty shell. "Most men have used
without protection future without hope.
Epitaph - which is dead.

In a way, Bible speaks. Paul writes
to his Corinth -
"We experience death - we give life
by the power of God."

"We are troubled on every side (yet
not distressed; we are perplexed - but
not in despair); persecuted, but not
forsaken); cast down, but not destroyed).
always delivered unto death for Jesus
sake that the life also of Jesus might be
made manifest in our mortal flesh."

As? My. huh. But us to alone?
Feed me rely etc. not sendy not power
minionis - Come, the world No
wonder unbl! Day we dead.

Are we? Answer up to you. We
can lie stone - dead. By the Paul,
red me. & Chas Apai Sin. can
express heart; tie to self, to give us
of power & God.

"We shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you." This is the promise of Christ which was fulfilled at Pentecost, and which we remember today on Pentecost Sunday. It is a verse of transition, pointing, pointing from Ascension to Pentecost, ~~fifty-days-later~~. On a bare hillside near Jerusalem, the Master checks the bewilderment and rising fears of his disciples with this promise of Another who would come to fill his place among them. And when he had said these last words he was caught up from them into heaven.

They were not much of a group after Jesus left them--still unbelieving, a bit frightened, silent and very thoughtful. They were hardly worth paying any attention to. There were more important things to attract the attention of serious men that day: rumors of a conspiracy against the life of the Emperor in Rome, a threatened grain shortage in Egypt, fresh successes against the Germans across the Rhine. But today men have forgotten about the plot against Tiberius, they have forgotten about famines in Egypt, and about border raids across the Rhine; but they will never forget the credulous, leaderless, outcast little band that trudged down the hill into Jerusalem, wondering what Jesus meant about the power that was to come. Greece and Rome and Egypt are dead, but not James and John, Peter and Paul, Matthew, and Philip and Andrew.

When all other hope had died ^{of Jesus, "the light of the world"} (this puzzling promise alone kept faith alive within them; this alone kept them from breaking up and scattering in defeat back to their homes; this alone, when the gospel died within them, brought it flaming back to life again, like dead coals dropping from a fire and breaking open in a shower of live sparks, as "blue, bleak embers fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermillion"

This figure of a modern poet is a good symbol for Pentecost, where tongues as of fire brought dead hearts to life and transformed that ordinary, leaderless little group into the bold band of men who rose from their knees in an upper room to preach forth the gospel in a blaze of power to the ends of the world.

Of course, this record of Pentecost is a disconcerting passage to read in a ~~rather~~ sober, respectable church like this. It smacks a little too much of hot gospelers, and holy rollers, and quakers and shakers and enthusiasts, doesn't it? It hardly describes that which is best and most beautiful in Christian worship as we seek after it today, does it? And yet, the more I read of the history of the church, the more I am impressed that ~~the~~ most creative and effective periods have been precisely those periods when the gospel was "hot", and not when it was respectable. If I were to pick the brightest spot in mediæval Romanism, I would pick the days of that gentle madman, St. Francis of Assisi. Luther's most creative period was before he expelled the dangerous Anabaptist radicals, and Calvinism's ~~influence was greatest in the~~ was during the rule of left-wing Puritan enthusiasts. Quakers really quaked once, in the enthusiasm of their beginnings, and when Methodism burned its way into the history of England and America, strong men roared and shook under the power of the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield and Peter Cartwright. The Church of Christ has had more power when the world thought it was drunk, as at Pentecost, than when the world thought it was dead.

Before we condemn those early Christians for their extravagances of joy, it might be well to inquire what they had to be so happy about, for "unless (you) can understand this constant mood of victorious, jubilant happiness and confidence," says one student of the early days of Xty (Weiss), "(you) simply will not understand primitive Christianity."

Their joy was, first, the joy of God-intoxication. This was what the coming of the Spirit meant: that God dwelt in their hearts through the Holy Spirit. When God came to earth in Jesus Christ he took on Him a physical body. But when he came at Pentecost, His only incarnation was in the hearts of believers, the personal presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church. The disciples were God-possessed, and it is no light thing to be the dwelling place of the Living God.

long-haired da-devils came to Pts. to hunt, and camp with us. They came to see
he said, but they stayed to pray, and suddenly seized by the power of his preaching, their backs
would bend almost to the hocks, then, suddenly released, their long hair would wave like a flag.
Strange, bizarre - a little frightening!

POWER

17
Acts 2: 1-8, 12-22.

Perhaps this record of what happened to the early Christians at Pentecost sounds a little strange to a sober, respectable, 20th century group of Christians like ~~you~~. It sounds a little too noisy and emotional, too Pentecostal, perhaps. But the more I read of the history of the Church, the more I am impressed with the fact that the Church's most creative and effective periods have been precisely those periods when Christians were most stirred to their hearts by the gospel, and not the periods when they were most respectable. If I were to pick the brightest spot in the Church's Dark Ages I would pick the days of that gentle madman, St Francis of Assisi. ~~AND~~ Luther's greatest period was before he expelled from his church the radical, enthusiastic Anabaptists. Quakers really quaked once, in the enthusiasm of their beginnings, and when Methodism burned its way into the history of England and America, strong men roared and shook under the power of the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield. All in all, the Church of Christ has had more power when, as at Pentecost, the world thought it was drunk, than when it was so respectable that the world thought it was dead.

Let us look again, then, at those first Christians and ask what was the secret of this power that came upon them.

It was, first, the power of a great joy. "Unless you can understand (their) constant mood of victorious, jubilant happiness and confidence," says one historian, "you simply will not understand early Christianity." These Christians overcame the powers of darkness, because the powers of darkness can't stand against the radiant power of an overflowing joy. They had no business to be joyful. They were being persecuted. But neither beatings nor scourgings nor fire nor wild beasts could drive the joy of the Spirit from their hearts. Men thought they were intoxicated with wine. ~~but~~, they were God-intoxicated. That was what the coming of the Spirit meant: that God dwelt in their hearts. When God came to earth in Jesus Christ he took on Him a physical body. But when he came at Pentecost, His only incarnation was in the hearts of believers. The disciples were God-possessed, and it is no light thing to be the dwelling place of the Living God.

In the second place, their power came from loving and being loved. "The fruit of the spirit is love," said Paul. And even the enemies of those early Christians cried, "Oh how these Christians love one another!" They loved God and they loved one another. (Christian LOVE is spelled with a capital L--it reaches up and it reaches out. It begins up with God, and comes down and into our hearts, changing our hearts. Then this love reaches out through us to reach others.) Such a Christian love, upreaching and outreaching, was the power that "turned the world upside down" 2000 years ago; and it is the only power that can change and hold our world together today.

There was joy and love, then, in the power that came to the Christians at Pentecost, but the real source of all their power was the Holy Spirit Himself, who came into their lives with spiritual power so dynamic that even its physical manifestations were overpowering. This was the power of the Spirit--there is no other way to describe it. A mystery. It was God breaking through into history again. It was God at work in and through his people, He taking frightened fishermen and making them greater than Emperors.

But where is the Holy Spirit now. Have we lost Him. Has He left the Church? We don't compare very favorably, do we, to the Church at Pentecost. Then, 12 men, filled with the Spirit, swept 3000 into the church in one day's street meeting. But today, according to some statistics I saw recently, in the Church in America, it takes 54 Christians working a whole year to bring just one new member into the Church. How many people do we bring to Christ in a day? There are 10,000,000 more non-Christians in the world today than 10 years ago. We are falling behind. We look more like a defeated Church than a Church of power. What is wrong with us? Has the Spirit left the Church. Has the power gone?

I came across a commentary from Africa on these verses which tell the story of the first Pentecost. It was a letter from some African evangelists telling about how they preached the gospel in the jungle. This is what they said, "We did not begin to preach until we had called for the power of God. That power came. We took it, and went forth to preach, and people came confessing Jesus like the fish of the sea in number."

Has the power gone? Not a bit. The power is still there. The trouble is with us. We simply are not using the power. We are more naive, even, than the native chieftans Lawrence of Arabia brought with him to the Paris Peace Conference. Those sons of the desert were amazed at many things, but nothing astonished them half so much as the running water in their hotel rooms. They knew the scarcity of water and its value; yet here it was, to be had by the turning of a tap, free and exhaustless. When they were preparing to leave Paris, Lawrence found them trying to detach the faucets, so that out in their deserts, they might always have this water. He tried to explain that behind the flowing water were huge reservoirs, and that without this supply the faucets were useless. But the Arabians insisted. They were sure that these magic instruments would give them water forever.

Arn't we even more credulous in our Christian lives. They expected water from unattached faucets. We look for water to run from a closed tap. In our souls are the deep reservoirs of the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit, wells of water springing up into everlasting life. But the Holy Spirit can not flow thru a closed tap; He cannot work through an unyielded life.

The promise of the power of the Spirit sent the disciples to an upper room to wait and pray. It should send us also to the quiet of our rooms to wrestle on our knees with unbelief and pride and selfishness. It should send us to wait before the Lord, all self-sufficiency gone, all pride abased, all ambition resigned to his perfect will for our lives. And in waiting and praying, we shall receive power: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." (Isa. 40:31)

Jesus said, "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you." That power can be yours only when you are completely yielded to the will of God.

Their joy was, second, the joy of loving and being loved. "The fruit of the Spirit is love," said Paul. And even their enemies cried, "Oh, how these Christians love one another." Julian, Emperor of Rome and enemy of Christ complained, "These Christians take care not only of their own poor, but of ours as well," as if such outreaching love were not quite fair. One curious outgrowth of this loving self-forgetfulness was long vaguely troubled the Church--that is, the experiment of "holding all things in common" which was tried by the Jerusalem Christians after Pentecost. "A religious communism of love" Troeltsch calls it, although to call it communism today is only to misunderstand it. There was a sect at that time which did practice communism more ~~in the~~ as we understand it now, but it was a Jewish sect, the Essenes, not a Christian sect. The Christians' experimnt was only a "communism of consumption", not production; it was a voluntary outflowing of Xn love, rooted in the demand of love for sacrifice; it was not an enforced rule. Since this was not real communism, I can go on to point out that for all its good intentions, the result of the experiment, unfortunately, was to bankrupt the church in Jerusalem, and make it dependent on the charity of others, as we see in Paul's letters.

I'm afraid, though, that at this point most of us are inclined to dismiss the experiment in a smug, self-satisfied way as only proving the superiority of our own sober, practical, business-like brand of Christianity. We forget that in the sight of God, I am sure, the failure of an excess of self-forgetful love, like this, is infinitely more glorious than any worldly success which scrupulous and selfish care for our own welfare may bring.

A third source of the leaping power within these first believers was the power that came to them at Pentecost--spiritual power so dynamic that even its physical manifestations were overpowering. What it was we do not know--God's ways are mystery to us. It was the power of the Spirit; it was God breaking through into history again; it was God at work. It took frightened fisherman and made them the peers of Emperors. It changed rakes into saints. It sent a shoestore clerk from Boston blazing his way across two continents with strange and gripping power over the hearts of men. It was the Holy Spirit, the secret of power in the Church.

But where is it now? Where has the Church hid its power. Have we lost it? We make a rather black contrast to Pentecost. It takes 54 American Xns, for example, working a whole year, to win one new member into the church. At Pentecost, 12 men, filled with the Spirit, swept 3000 into the Church in one day's street meeting. There are 10,000,000 more non-Christians in the world today than 10 years ago. We're falling behind. It's more like defeat than power. And look at us here in China--practically in full retreat, either on the run, or numbly and darkly waiting for the blow to fall.

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